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McAlone

D. 35.

















**THE**  
**DRAMATIC WORKS**  
**OF**  
**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.**  
**VOL. X.**



*Chambers's Household Edition of the*

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED BY

R. CARRUTHERS

AND

W. CHAMBERS.



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**JULIUS CÆSAR.**

**ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.**

**CORIOLANUS.**

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# JULIUS CÆSAR.



## INTRODUCTION TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

**T**HIS tragedy embraces two memorable years of Roman history. It commences with the festival of the Lupercalia in February 44 B.C., or in the year of Rome 709. Cæsar had in the preceding autumn returned triumphant from Spain, having defeated the sons of Pompey, and been appointed consul for a period of ten years and dictator for life. To fill the measure of Cæsar's ambition, or of his own adulation, Mark Antony then offered him the regal crown or diadem, which Cæsar reluctantly refused, and in one month afterwards (March 15), the great soldier and statesman fell under the swords of the assassins. The incidents of the conspiracy and death having been depicted with all the dramatist's marvellous power and truth, he hurries over the succeeding events, devoting one short scene to the merciless conscription of the triumvirs, and the drama closes with the battle of Philippi and the death of Brutus, 42 B.C.

The authority relied upon by Shakespeare for his historical facts was Plutarch's *Lives*, translated from the French of Amyot by Sir Thomas North, and published in 1579. The work was highly popular, and the poet followed it closely, but in one point he departed from it and from the truth of history: he made the Capitol the scene of Cæsar's assassination, whereas it took place in the senate-house, or as North has it, in 'one of the porches about the theatre where was set up the image of Pompey.' In the delineation of character also, the poet, though working after the models afforded by Plutarch, introduces some modifications. Cassius was 'marvellous cholerick and cruel,' and it was 'certainly thought that he made war and put himself into

sundry dangers, more to have absolute power and authority than to defend the liberty of his country.' He was also accused of being rapacious; 'he would oftentimes be carried away from justice for gain.' The poet ventures a strong allusion to the 'itching palm' of Cassius, but, generally, he has elevated the character of the astute conspirator; and by investing him with the dignity of a Roman patriot, he made him more worthy of being the friend and associate of Brutus. The prompt decision and fiery zeal of Cassius as a republican, were not only necessary towards carrying on their great design, but were required to bring out fully the character of Brutus, whom the poet evidently intended to be the hero of the drama. Brutus, noble-minded, generous, and humane, is inferior to Cassius in energy and penetration. His attempts to justify the sacrifice of Cæsar are weak in the extreme. He has no personal enmity towards the dictator, he cannot say that Cæsar's affections 'sway more than his reason,' and he knows that their quarrel will 'bear no colour;' but then he argues that if Cæsar were monarch of Rome, he might become dangerous:

'He would be crown'd:—

How that might change his nature, there's the question.'

An ardent love of liberty and deep absorbing sense of public duty, seconded by the persuasions and promptings of the stronger-minded Cassius, overpower the dictates of his conscience and understanding, and he rushes into the crime which he believes is to make Rome free. The fine humanity of Brutus is then awakened. He would do grace to Cæsar's corpse, he would allow Mark Antony make the funeral oration, he would impose no restraint on the friends of Cæsar, nor would he permit any injustice or corruption in his government. The pure and lofty patriot alone is conspicuous, but he sinks under the power of baser natures, who knew mankind better, and Cæsar's spirit is revenged. Nothing in all Shakespeare is more touching than the picture of Brutus in adversity. The conflict between his philosophy and his tenderness on the death of

Portia, and the loss of Cassius in battle, his care of his page Lucius, who falls asleep in his tent :

‘Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber :  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;’

and the mental struggle of Brutus preceding his death, are all drawn with indescribable effect, yet with such simplicity as to preclude every idea or appearance of art. Of Cæsar we see but little, and that little is scarcely in keeping with the intellectual character of the original. In the drama, as in life, the conqueror was sacrificed to Brutus. ‘It is possible,’ says a living author, ‘to be a very great man, and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile. Such did Cæsar appear to his contemporaries.’\*

Shakespeare’s drama was first printed in the folio of 1623. It appears in a more accurate form than most of the plays, yet about a score of misprints and minor errors have been removed by the care of successive editors. The usual date of the composition of *Julius Cæsar* is referred to the year 1607, but Mr Collier has shewn good reasons for believing that it was acted

\* Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse) in notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.



before 1603. The subject had previously been dramatised. Gosson mentions a play, entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey* in 1579, and in 1582 a Latin play by Dr Richard Eedes on the subject of Cæsar's murder, was acted in the university of Oxford. Lord Stirling, in 1604, published a tragedy entitled *Julius Cæsar*. To none of these, so far as can be ascertained, was Shakespeare indebted.

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'Shakespeare was, as I believe, conversant with the better class of English literature which the reign of Elizabeth afforded. Among other books, the translation by North of Amyot's Plutarch seems to have fallen into his hands about 1607 [some years earlier]. It was the source of three tragedies founded on the lives of Brutus, Antony, and Coriolanus, the first bearing the name of Julius Cæsar. In this the plot wants even that historical unity which the romantic drama requires; the third and fourth acts are ill connected; it is deficient in female characters, and in that combination which is generally apparent amidst all the intricacies of his fable. But it abounds in fine scenes and fine passages; the spirit of Plutarch's Brutus is well seized, the predominance of Cæsar himself is judiciously restrained, the characters have that individuality which Shakespeare seldom misses; nor is there, perhaps, in the whole range of ancient and modern eloquence a speech more fully realising the perfection that orators have striven to attain than that of Antony.'—HALLAM.

'I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than the scene between Brutus and Cassius [Act IV. sc. 3]. In the Gnostic heresy it might have been credited with less absurdity than most of their dogmas, that the Supreme had employed him to create, previously to his function of representing, characters.'—COLERIDGE.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,

} *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

} *senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

} *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS,

MARULLUS,

} *tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a poet.*

A Poet.

LUCILIUS,

TITINIUS,

MESSALA,

Young CATO,

VOLUMNIUS,

} *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARBO,

CLITUS,

CLAUDIUS,

STRATO,

LUCIUS,

DARDANIUS,

} *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE.—DURING A GREAT PART OF THE PLAY AT ROME: AFTERWARDS  
AT SARDIS; AND NEAR PHILIPPI.



# JULIUS CÆSAR.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.*<sup>1</sup>

**FLAVIUS.** Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you home : .

Is this a holiday ? what ! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring-day without the sign  
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

*First Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?—  
You, sir ; what trade are you ?

*Second Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but,  
as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

*Second Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe  
conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty knave, what  
trade ?

*Second Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me : yet if  
you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou saucy  
fellow !

*Second Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

*Second Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl : I meddle with no trades—man's matters nor women's matters—but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

*Second Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?  
What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !  
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds  
Made in her concave shores ?  
And do you now put on your best attire ?  
And do you now cull out a holiday ?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?  
Be gone !  
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See, whether their basest metal be not mov'd;<sup>2</sup>  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.<sup>3</sup> I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course;  
CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and  
CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia—

*Casca.*

Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.*

Calphurnia—

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.—Antonius—

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember :

When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music.

*Sooth.* Cæsar !

*Cæs.* Ha ! Who calls ?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still :—peace yet again.

[Music ceases.

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on me ?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry, 'Cæsar.' Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.<sup>4</sup>

*Cæs.* What man is that ?

*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me ; let me see his face.

*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng : look upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[Sennet.<sup>5</sup> *Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course ?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have :  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.**Cassius,*

Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one),  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.<sup>6</sup>

*Cas.* 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome  
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me ?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :



Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love?  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*[Flourish and shout.]*

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For, let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?'—Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy,  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cried, ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man  
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :  
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;<sup>8</sup>  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas ! it cried, ' Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.<sup>9</sup>

[*Shout. Flourish.*

*Bru.* Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd !  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of  
Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,<sup>10</sup>  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.<sup>11</sup>

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous :  
What you would work me to, I have some aim ;  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider ; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear : and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Bru.* I will do so :—but, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train :  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,<sup>12</sup>  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
Sleek-headed men,<sup>13</sup> and such as sleep o' nights :  
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* Would he were fatter !—But I fear him not :  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :  
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;

And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with me ?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad ?

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not ?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him : and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

*Casca.* Ay, marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown ?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked

Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you : what, did Cæsar swoon ?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like—he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I,  
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself ?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>14</sup> I would have taken him at a word :—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried ‘Alas, good soul!’—and forgave him with all their hearts : but there’s no heed to be taken of them ; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that he came, thus sad, away ?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say anything ?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect ?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again : but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads : but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar’s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: farewell both.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So he is now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca : brought you Cæsar home ?  
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of  
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight)  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me,<sup>15</sup> and went surly by  
Without annoying me : and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear ; who swore they saw  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noonday, upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
'These have their seasons—they are natural ;'



For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good-night then, Casca : this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who 's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :  
And when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens :  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind ;  
Why old men, fools, and children calculate ;  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality ;—why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night ;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol :  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is : for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,  
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;  
Our yoke and suffering shew us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed they say the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then ;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,

Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*

*Casca.* So can I :  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?  
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :  
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman : then I know  
My answer must be made : but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca ; and to such a  
man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;<sup>16</sup>  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made,  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;  
And I do know by this they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets ;  
And the complexion of the element

In favour's like the work we have in hand,<sup>17</sup>  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for ? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.  
O Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus  
To our party—

*Cas.* Be you content : good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this  
In at his window ; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

*[Exit CINNA.]*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him  
Is ours already ; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight ; and ere day  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]



*Bru.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?—*Act II. Sc. 1.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Rome.* BRUTUS'S Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius, ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when!<sup>1</sup> awake, I say! What, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.

*[Exit.]*

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd :—  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that ;—  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power :<sup>2</sup> and, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;  
But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend : so Cæsar may ;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities :  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous ;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found

*[Giving him a letter.]*

This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?<sup>3</sup>

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

*[Exit.]*

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light that I may read by them.

*[Opens the letter, and reads.*

‘Brutus, thou sleep’st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep’st; awake!’

Such instigations have been often dropp’d  
Where I have took them up.  
‘Shall Rome, &c.’ Thus must I piece it out;  
Shall Rome stand under one man’s awe? What, Rome?  
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call’d a king.  
‘Speak, strike, redress!’—Am I entreated  
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

*[Knocking within.*

*Bru.* ’Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.

*[Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:  
The Genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, ’tis your brother Cassius<sup>4</sup> at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.*

Is he alone?



*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.*

Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.

*Bru.*

Let them enter.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then, by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou hath thy native semblance on,<sup>6</sup>  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter* CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,  
and TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour; awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here  
But honours you: and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word?

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress? what other bond  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter? and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,<sup>6</sup>  
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,

To think that, or our cause or our performance,  
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?  
I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O let us have him ; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not ; let us not break with him ;  
For he will never follow anything  
That other men begin. '7

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver ; and you know his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :<sup>8</sup>  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.*

Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself—take thought, and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die;

For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cas.*

The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.*

But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd  
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,<sup>9</sup>  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does—being then most flattered.  
Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him ;  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us. We'll leave you, Brutus :—  
And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember  
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;  
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber :<sup>10</sup>  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord !

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?  
It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :  
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do :—good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick ; and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick—  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air .

To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you : for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation ;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife ;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this  
secret.

I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :  
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,  
A woman well reputed—Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded ?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound

Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets ?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile :  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows :—

Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*] Lucius, who's that  
that knocks ?

*Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.*

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—  
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius, how !

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit.<sup>11</sup> Now bid me run  
And I will strive with things impossible ;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick ?

*Bru.* That must be also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.



*Lig.* Set on your foot ;  
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,  
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Hall in CÆSAR'S Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night :  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar !' Who's within ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord ?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk forth ?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth : the things that threaten'd me  
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;  
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead :  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses do neigh,<sup>12</sup> and dying men did groan ;  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice :  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible ;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;  
And he shall say you are not well to-day :  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail ! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar :  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day :  
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;  
I will not come to-day—tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie ?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell gray-beards the truth ?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will—I will not come ;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know ;  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,  
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,  
And evils imminent ; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have when you have heard what I can say :  
And know it now ; the senate have concluded  
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
'Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?'  
Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;  
And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia !  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
Give me my robe, for I will go :—

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,  
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good-morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?  
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—  
What is't o'clock ?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up.—Good-morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within :—  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—  
Now, Cinna :—now, Metellus :—what, Trebonius !  
I have an hour's talk in store for you ;  
Remember that you call on me to-day :  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

*Art.* 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near  
Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus  
Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.  
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar.  
If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to  
conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,

' ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live :  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :  
Why dost thou stay ?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—  
O constancy, be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—  
Art thou here yet ?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do ?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?  
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth : and take good note  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Prithee, listen well.  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS.*<sup>13</sup>

*Por.* Come hither, fellow :  
Which way hast thou been ?

*Art.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is 't o'clock ?

*Art.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

D

*Art.* Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

*Art.* That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him ?

*Art.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.  
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*]

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus,  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !—  
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
Say I am merry : come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.



*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad ?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street ?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprise, Popilius ?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena ?

*Cæs.* He wish'd, to-day, our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cæs.* Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators  
take their seats.*]

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd : press near and second him.<sup>1</sup>

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cæs.* Are we all ready ?

*Cæs.* What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress ?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart—

[*Kneeling.*]

*Cæs.*I must prevent thee, *Cimber*.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
Into the law of children.<sup>2</sup> Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet words,  
Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished :  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,  
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.<sup>3</sup>

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;

Desiring thee that Publius *Cimber* may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus !*Cæs.*

Pardon, Cæsar : Cæsar, pardon :

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius *Cimber*.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place :

So in the world : 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,  
 Let me a little shew it, even in this—  
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar—

*Cæs.* Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me !

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute ?*—Then fall, Cæsar !

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

*Cin.* Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—

Ruh hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
 ' Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement ! '

*Bru.* People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;  
 Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius ?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
 Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer ;  
 There is no harm intended to your person,  
 Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,  
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so ;—and let no man abide this deed  
 But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where is Antony ?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd :

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures :—  
That we shall die we know ; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;  
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.<sup>5</sup>—How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust !

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth ?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away :  
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here ?

*Enter a Servant.*

A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;  
Say, I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him ;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may : but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die :  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master-spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done :  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :  
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper,<sup>6</sup> do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear ;  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all—alas ! what shall I say ?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;  
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.<sup>7</sup>  
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie !

*Cas.* Mark Antony—

*Ant.*

Pardon me, Caius Cassius ;

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;  
But what compact mean you to have with us ?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.*

That's all I seek :

And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place ;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
You know not what you do : do not consent

[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral :  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter ?

*Bru.* By your pardon ;—  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death :  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission ;  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall : I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;  
And say you do't by our permission ;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral : and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.



Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men :  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry ' Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war ;<sup>8</sup>  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming ;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—  
O Cæsar !—

*[Seeing the body.]*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :  
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;  
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place : there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
According to the which thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

*[Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Second Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,  
When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS  
goes into the Rostrum.]*

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and  
be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and  
have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me  
in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the  
better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend  
of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less  
than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against  
Cæsar, this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that

I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : there is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome,<sup>9</sup> I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Citizens.* Live, Brutus, live ! live !

*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*Second Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen—

*Second Cit.* Peace, silence ! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.* Peace, ho !

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make.  
I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

*First Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;  
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes up.*

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

*Third Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

*Second Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans—

*Citizens.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest  
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all, all honourable men) ;  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Second Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;  
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Second Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

*Citizens.* The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? Will you stay awhile ?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.  
I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors : honourable men !

*Citizens.* The will ! the testament !

*Second Cit.* They were villains, murderers : the will ! read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will ?

E

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me shew you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

*Citizens.* Come down.

*Second Cit.* Descend.

[ANTONY comes down.]

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

*Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*Second Cit.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Citizens.* Stand back; room; bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

*Second Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

*Third Cit.* O woful day !

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains !

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*Second Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about—seek—  
burn—fire—kill—slay !—let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*First Cit.* Peace there !—hear the noble Antony.

*Second Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable ;  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.



*Citizens.* We'll mutiny.

*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away then ! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not—I must tell you then :—

You have forgot the will I told you off.

*Citizens.* Most true ; the will :—let's stay, and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal :—

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.<sup>10</sup>

*Second Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death.

*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho !

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber ;<sup>11</sup> he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

*First Cit.* Never, never ! Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

*Second Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work :—mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt !

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow !

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him :

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us anything.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy :  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* What is your name ?

*Second Cit.* Whither are you going ?

*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor ?

*Second Cit.* Answer every man directly.

*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name ? Whither am I going ? Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man or a bachelor ? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly ; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

*Second Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry :  
—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed ; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*First Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*Second Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Second Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*Exeunt.*]



*Bru.* Ha! who comes here? :  
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.—*Act IV. Sc. 2.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

*Ant.* These many then shall die ; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?

*Lep.* I do consent—

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* He shall not live : look, with a spot I 'doom' him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here ?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,  
The threefold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier:

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus; but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On abject orts and imitations,<sup>2</sup>  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head;  
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;  
And let us presently go sit in council,

How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so : for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischief.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers : TITINIUS  
and PINDARUS meeting them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho !

*Luc.* Give the word, ho ! and stand !

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

*Luc.* He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone : but if he be at hand  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy and with respect enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath us'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling : ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*

*Bru.* Hark ! he is arriv'd :—  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;  
And when you do them—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content ;  
Speak your griefs softly—I do know you well :—  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :<sup>3</sup>  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm !  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember :  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers,<sup>4</sup> shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.



*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me ;  
 I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,  
 Older in practice, abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;  
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
 Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

*Bru.* All this ? ay, more : fret, till your proud heart break ;  
 Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,  
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
 Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch  
 Under your testy humour ? By the gods,  
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
 Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,  
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
 When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier :  
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
 And it shall please me well : for mine own part,  
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;  
 I said an elder soldier, not a better :  
 Did I say better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not!

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him!

*Bru.*

For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means;

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection;—I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not;—he was but a fool

That brought my answer back;—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.*

I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :  
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger ;  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;  
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus !—

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [*Noise within.*]

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals.  
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Luc.* [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* How now! What's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! What do you mean?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!<sup>5</sup>

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:  
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?  
Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*]

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,  
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha, Portia!

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—  
O insupportable and touching loss!  
Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death  
That tidings came ;—with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.<sup>6</sup>

*Cas.* And died so ?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods !

*Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine :—  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[*Drinks.*]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*]

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius.—

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone ?

*Bru.*

No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

*Bru.* With what addition ?

*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree ;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

"Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encourag'd

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :  
The enemy increaseth every day,  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on :  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity ;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say ?

*Cas.* No more. Good-night ;  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.] Farewell, good Messala ;—  
Good-night, Titinius :—noble, noble Cassius,  
Good-night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother !  
This was an ill beginning of the night :  
Never come such division 'tween our souls !  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Everything is well.

*Cas.* Good-night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good-night, good brother.

*Tit., Mes.* Good-night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men :

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius !

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep ;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so :

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.]

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an it please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy night ;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a Song.*]



This is a sleepy tune :—O murderous slumber,  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good-night;  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;  
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.  
Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down  
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[Sits down.]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.*

Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well: then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—  
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—  
Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!—Sirs, awake!—  
Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

*Luc.* My lord.

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!  
Fellow thou, awake!

*Var.* My lord?

*Clau.* My lord?

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Var., Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay; saw you anything?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Var., Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : they could be content  
To visit other places ; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals :  
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

*Cas.*

*Antony,*

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.*

*Not stingless too.*

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst 'dastard' Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands;  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy, worthless of such Honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away! —  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth!

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

*Cas.* Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord.

[*BRETIUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala—

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardiæ, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

Who to Philippi here consorted us ;  
 This morning are they fled, away, and gone ;  
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly ;  
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
 To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* — Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,  
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !  
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together :  
 What are you then determined to do ?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself :—I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life :—arming myself with patience,  
 To stay the providence of some high powers  
 That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Thorough the streets of Rome ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,  
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
 Must end that work the ides of March begun ;  
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !

If we do meet again, we'll smile, indeed ;

If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come !

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side :

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :

This ensign here of mine was turning back ;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius :  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

*[Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;  
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

*[PINDARUS goes up.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round,  
And where I did begin there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

*Pin.* *[Above.]* O my lord !

*Cas.* What news ?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen that make to him on the spur ;  
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him ;  
Now, Titinius !—Now some light :—O, he lights too :—  
He's ta'en ;—and hark ! they shout for joy.

*[Shout.*

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

*[PINDARUS descends.*

Come hither, sirrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;



And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!  
Now, be a freeman; and, with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[Dies.]

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set—

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory?  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?  
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Cæsar Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods.—This is a Roman's part:  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Alarums.*]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO,  
VOLUMINIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius !  
 Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius !  
*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these ?—  
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !  
 It is impossible that ever Rome  
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears  
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.<sup>2</sup>—  
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
 Come, therefore, and to *Thassos* send his body ;<sup>3</sup>  
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
 Lest it discomfort us.—*Lucilius*, come ;—  
 And come, young *Cato* ; let us to the field.—  
*Labeo* and *Flavius*, set our battles on :—  
 'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night  
 We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum.* Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ; then *BRUTUS*,  
 young *CATO*, *LUCILIUS*, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads !

*Cato.* What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho !

[*Charges the enemy.*]

*Bru.* And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I ;

*Brutus*, my country's friend ; know me for *Brutus* !

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Young Cato is overpowered, and falls*]

*Luc.* O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius* ;

And mayst be honour'd, being *Cato's* son.

*First Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die :  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;  
[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*First Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

*Second Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*First Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general :—

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough ;  
I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :  
The gods defend him from so great a shame !  
When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness : I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead :  
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How everything is chang'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cl.* Statilius shew'd the torchlight ; but, my lord,  
He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering him.*]

*Cli.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius.—

[*Whispers him.*]

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius!

*Dar.* O, Clitus!

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me  
Two several times by night—at Sardis once,  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:  
I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;  
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,  
I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,  
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history :  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly !'*

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly !

*Bru.*

Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord ;  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :  
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first : fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still :

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,  
 LUCILIUS, and Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that ?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.*

How died my master, Strato ?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all :  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all,<sup>4</sup> made one of them.  
His life was gentle ; and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man !'

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
So call the field to rest : and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

## NOTES TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

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<sup>1</sup> *Enter Flavius, Marullus, &c.* In the folio, the name of the second tribune is erroneously given as *Murellus*. Afterwards we have Decius for Decimus—a misprint in North's Plutarch; but Shakespeare confounds Decimus Brutus with Marcus Brutus. He calls Marcus, 'Cæsar's angel,' and the 'well-beloved,' whereas Marcus kept aloof from Cæsar. Decimus was the 'well-beloved.'

<sup>2</sup> *See, whether their basest metal be not mov'd.* In Shakespeare's time, 'whether' was often pronounced as a monosyllable, and must here be read as such. In the original, it is spelled *where*.

<sup>3</sup> *You know it is the feast of Lupercal.*

*Flav. It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.*

Crowns were placed on Cæsar's statues or 'trophies.' 'There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems on their heads like kings. Those the tribunes [Flavius and Marullus] went and pulled down.'—NORTH'S *Plutarch*. The feast of Lupercal, or the Lupercalia, was one of the most popular and ancient of the Roman festivals. It was associated with the fabulous Romulus and Remus and the she-wolf, whose image—'the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome'—was worshipped long after the other superstitions had expired. The festival was held on the 15th of February in the Lupercal—the very spot, according to tradition, where the founders of Rome were suckled, and where there were an altar and a grove sacred to Lupercus, the god of fertility. A body of patrician youths officiated as the Luperci, or priests, and sacrificed goats and young dogs to Lupercus; after which they partook of a banquet plentifully supplied with wine. They then cut off the skins of the goats which they had sacrificed, and arrayed themselves in parts of the skin; other parts were cut into thongs, with which they ran about the streets touching or striking all they met, especially women:

*'For our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.'*

Mark Antony, as in the play, 'ran his course' as one of the Luperci, and



is said to have even addressed the people in the forum, clad in his goatskin attire. Originally, the festival had a higher signification than that of mere fertility. 'The act of running about with thongs of goatskin was a symbolic purification of the land, and that of touching persons a purification of men, for the words by which this act is designated are *februare* and *lustrare* (Ovid, *Fasti*, ii. 31; *Fest. s. v. Februarius*). The goatskin itself was called *februum*; the festive-day, *dies februata*; the month in which it occurred, *Februarius*; and the god himself, *Februus*.\*' The festival declined after the time of Cæsar, but was revived by Augustus, and it continued, in spite of all the efforts of the bishops of Rome, to be celebrated down to the end of the fifth century.

<sup>4</sup> *Beware the ides of March.* The ides (Lat. *idūs*), it is well known, were eight days in each month. They commenced on the 15th of March, May, July, and October; in the other months, on the 13th. The fatal day to Cæsar was the 15th of March.

<sup>5</sup> *Sennet.* A piece of martial music. The name is supposed to be derived from *senneste*, an old French military air. The term is frequently employed by Shakespeare, or by his original editors, as a stage direction.

<sup>6</sup> *For the eye sees not itself,*

*But by reflection, by some other things.*

This passage would be improved by reading 'reflection of some other thing.' The same sentiment had been previously expressed in a poem which Shakespeare must have admired, the *Noſce Teipſum* of Sir John Davies, 1599:

'It is because the mind is like the eye,  
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,  
Whose rays reflect not but spread outwardly,  
Not seeing itself when other things it sees.'

<sup>7</sup> *To stale with ordinary oaths my love.* To debase it by rendering it vulgar and common: as in *Antony and Cleopatra*—

'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.'

<sup>8</sup> *His coward lips did from their colour fly.* Undoubtedly, as Warburton remarked, a quibble was here intended—an allusion to a cowardly soldier flying from his colours.

<sup>9</sup> *Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.*

In this noble passage, 'temper' must be understood as signifying tempera-

\* Dr Leonhard Schmitz, in *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*.

ment or constitution. Early excesses, and the hardships of military service, had impaired Cæsar's health. He was subject to fainting-fits, and, according to Suetonius, had been twice seized with epilepsy in public. 'I should like to have seen this white and pale figure, faded before its time by the debauches of Rome, this delicate epileptic man, marching under the rains of Gaul at the head of his legions, swimming over rivers, or riding on horseback between the litters in which his secretaries were carried.'—Michelet's *Roman History*.

<sup>10</sup> *That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough.*

The folio has, 'wide walks.' Rowe substituted *walls*, as a more appropriate and Shakespearean expression, and the emendation has been generally adopted. The quibble between 'Rome' and 'room' shews us how Rome was pronounced in Shakespeare's time, and to this pronunciation John Kemble the tragedian rigidly adhered.

<sup>11</sup> *There was a Brutus once.* Lucius Junius Brutus, the venerated father and founder of the Roman republic :

'Here the first Brutus stood, when o'er the corse  
Of her so chaste, all mourn'd, and from his cloud  
Burst like a god.'—ROGERS.

<sup>12</sup> *Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes.* The ferret has red eyes, but the quick, darting look of the animal is also here indicated. Cicero may have had this look when 'cross'd in conference,' but Plutarch tells us that he had a smiling countenance.

<sup>13</sup> *Let me have men about me that are fat ;  
Sleek-headed men.*

North's Plutarch furnished this characteristic speech : 'When Cæsar's friends complained to him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads (quoth he), I never reckon of them : but those pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most—meaning Brutus and Cassius.' And again, 'He said on a time to his friends, what will Cassius do, think you ? I like not his pale looks.'

<sup>14</sup> *An I had been a man of any occupation.* Casca means, if he had been a tradesman or mechanic, such as those citizens that shouted for Cæsar.

<sup>15</sup> *I met a lion, who glar'd upon me.* The folio has *glaz'd*. Johnson proposed *gaz'd*—a weak expression. In the same speech we have adopted a reading proposed by Mr Swynfen Jervis. In the folio, Casca, describing the prodigies, observes, 'Let not men say *these are their reasons*, they are

natural.' The substitution of 'these have their seasons, they are natural,' does little violence to the original text, and unquestionably makes a better reading of the passage.

<sup>16</sup> *Be factious for redress*; that is, combine as in a faction, and be active.

<sup>17</sup> *And the complexion of the element*

*In favour's like the work we have in hand.*

'In favour,' is in appearance. The folio has, '*Is favours like,*' &c. Johnson made the correction.

#### ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> *When, Lucius, when!* An expression of impatience, as in *Richard III.*, 'When, Harry, when?'

<sup>2</sup> *The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power.*

Shakespeare gives the word 'remorse' a wider signification than is now assigned to it. Here it implies pity or regret. Plutarch remarks, that nothing makes so thorough a trial of a man's disposition as power and authority; for they awake every passion, and discover every latent vice.

<sup>3</sup> *The ides of March.* In the folio, 'the first of March,' an obvious error, which Theobald corrected. Afterwards we have 'March is wasted fifteen days.' Theobald properly substituted *fourteen* days, for it is at the dawn of the fifteenth that Lucius makes his report.

<sup>4</sup> *Your brother Cassius.* Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

<sup>5</sup> *For if thou hath thy native semblance on.* The folio has *path*. Coleridge proposed *put*, which would literally make nonsense of the passage; but *hath*, as printed in a quarto edition of the play, 1691, seems the correct reading.

<sup>6</sup> *Men cautelous*; that is, cautious, wary. The word is generally applied to cunning, treacherous men.

<sup>7</sup> *For he will never follow anything  
That other men begin.*

In ascribing this weakness to Cicero, Shakespeare departed from his authority, North's Plutarch. 'Although he [Cicero] was a man they loved dearly and trusted best, they were afraid, he being a coward by nature, and age having also increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise.' Shakespeare had recollected Cicero's vanity and love of glory—his ruling passion—but his services to Rome and Roman liberty should have saved him from the above imputation.

<sup>8</sup> *Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards.* Here the poet uses 'envy'

in the sense of *malice*—a common use of the word with Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

<sup>9</sup> *He loves to hear*

*That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.*

These devices are described by Pliny. The unicorn (rhinoceros, or rather monocerous) was taken by the hunter running behind a tree, against which the animal rushed violently, and his horn stuck in the tree. A mirror was placed before the bear, and while he gazed on it, the hunter was enabled to take surer aim. Elephants were betrayed into holes slightly covered over. To describe Cæsar as delighting in such conversation, is a pleasant trait of character.

<sup>10</sup> *The heavy honey-dew of slumber.* In the folio, 'The honey-heavy dew'—surely a printer's transposition. We adopt the emendation made by Mr Collier's and Mr Singer's manuscript correctors.

<sup>11</sup> *Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit.*

Shakespeare always uses the word 'exorcist' in a sense opposite to its ordinary meaning. To *exorcise* is with him to *raise*, not to *lay*, spirits.

<sup>12</sup> *The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses do neigh.*

This is the only instance of the poet's use of the expressive word 'hurtle,' which he has rendered popular and classic in English poetry. Chaucer employs it in the sense of *to push*. Spenser has, 'To hurtle round in warlike gyre;' which Upton explains, 'To skirmish wheeling round the foe, trying to strike him with advantage.' The presages of Cæsar's death, enumerated in the text, are mostly in Plutarch. Suetonius states that the horses which Cæsar had let loose to graze refused to eat their food, and shed tears.

<sup>13</sup> *Enter Artemidorus.* The folio has 'Enter Soothsayer;' but it is evident, from Portia's speeches, that she is not speaking to the Soothsayer. Rowe first made the alteration.

#### ACT III.

<sup>1</sup> *He is address'd: press near, and second him.* He is ready. 'For our march we are address'd.'—*King Henry V.*

<sup>2</sup> *Into the lane of children.* In the folio, 'Into the lane of children.' Johnson made the correction, remarking that *lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished.

<sup>3</sup> *Know Cæsar doth not wrong : nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.*

Ben Jonson gives us another version of this passage: 'Many times he [Shakespeare] fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause."—*Explorato or Discoveries*. Again, in the Induction to *The Staple of News*, Jonson makes *Prologue* say, 'Cry you mercy, you never did wrong but with just cause.' It was somewhat invidious and ungracious in Jonson publishing such a comment after Shakespeare's death, and many years after the publication of the play, in which no such passage appears. It may have been altered, or the blunder may have been that of a player when Jonson happened to be in the theatre. Gifford supposed Shakespeare to have originally written the passage thus:

'If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
*Met.* Cæsar thou dost me wrong.  
*Cæs.* Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'

The passage as it now stands, Gifford set down as the 'botchery' of the players, and it wanted, he said, both congruity and poetry. It is extremely improbable that the players should have made any such alteration, Jonson's criticism not being published before 1623, and there is in reality no incongruity in the passage. Cæsar asks what is amiss that he must redress, upon which Metellus comes forward. Cæsar then interrupts him, and assuming that Metellus wished to sue on behalf of his brother, who had been banished, he spurns him away; adding,

'Know Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause  
Will he be be satisfied.'

<sup>4</sup> *Et tu, Brute?* This expression is not in Plutarch, but it occurs in the old play, *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, on which the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* was founded: '*Et tu, Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*' It had also appeared in a poem, *Acolastus*, by S. N. [Nicholson], 1600. Suetonius states that some had written that when Brutus ran upon Cæsar, the latter exclaimed, '*And thou, too, my son?*'

<sup>5</sup> *Sloop then, and wash;* that is, steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar.

<sup>6</sup> *Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper.*

The word 'malice' seems here to be an error of the printer or transcriber. Pope proposed '*exempt from malice;*' the Old Corrector, *welcome;* and

Singer, *amity*. Perhaps 'strength of *manhood*' would be as appropriate, but we leave the text as in the original.

<sup>7</sup> *Crimson'd in thy lethe*. The word 'lethe,' in the sense of death, must be formed from *lethum*, not *lethé*.—NARES'S *Glossary*. Theobald and the Old Corrector substitute *death*. The two lines which follow the above were set down by Coleridge as an interpolation by some player. They contain a miserable quibble on *hart* and *heart*, and are singularly out of place. But does not Shakespeare, in numerous instances (in *Hamlet* and other of his greatest dramas), disport himself in this manner?

<sup>8</sup> *Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war*. When it was resolved to give no quarter in battle, this ominous word 'havoc' was issued as the order.

<sup>9</sup> *As I slew my best lover for the good of Rome*. The term 'lover,' applied by one man to another, was then common. Shakespeare in his Sonnets addresses a male friend in the same passionate language.

<sup>10</sup> *To every several man, seventy-five drachmas*. Steevens says this Greek coin was of the same value as the Roman *denier*, or  $7\frac{1}{2}d$ . But it appears to have varied in different states. The average value of the Attic drachma is set down at  $9\frac{1}{2}d$ .

<sup>11</sup> *On this side Tiber*. Cæsar's gardens and pleasure-grounds were separated from the main city by the river, and therefore lay on the *other* side of the Tiber. The poet was misled by North's Plutarch: 'He left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber.' Horace, wishing to shake off a *bore*, who insisted on walking with him, said he was going on a visit a great way off, on the other side of the Tiber, near Cæsar's gardens (*Sat.* 9, Book I.).

#### ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> *Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.*

Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant. He was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony. Hence Upton thought Shakespeare must have written, '*You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.*' But the blunder is more likely to have been an oversight on the part of the poet.

<sup>2</sup> *One that feeds*

*On object orts and imitations.*

In the folio, '*On objects, arts, and imitations.*' Theobald substituted *object orts*; that is, scraps and fragments rejected by others.

<sup>3</sup> *That you have wrong'd me doth appear*. The opening of this quarrel scene—one of the poet's most magnificent efforts—was suggested by North: 'The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians,

did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a prætor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto. . . . Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping.'

<sup>4</sup> *What, shall one of us,*

*That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers.*

'This seemingly strange assertion of Brutus is unhappily verified in the present day. What is an immense army, in which the lust of plunder has quenched all the duties of the citizen, other than a horde of robbers, or differenced only as fiends are from ordinarily reprobate men? Cæsar supported, and was supported by, such as these : and even so Bonaparte in our days.'—COLERIDGE.

<sup>5</sup> *Poet. For shame, you generals : what do you mean ?*

*Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;*

*For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.*

*Cas. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !*

*Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !*

Cinna has a prototype in old North's translation : 'This Phaonius, at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer [Book I.] :

"My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

For I have seen more years than such ye three."

Cassius fell a-laughing at him, but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit cynic.'

<sup>6</sup> *She fell distract,*

*And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*

Though Plutarch and numerous other ancient writers give this account of the death of Portia, it is more probable, from the correspondence of Cicero and notices in other works, that she died of a lingering illness after Brutus had left Italy.

<sup>7</sup> *Bru. Well : then I shall see thee again !*

*Ghost.*

*Ay, at Philippi.*

'Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause

brought him thither? The spirit answered, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes. Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it—Well: then I shall see thee again? The spirit presently vanished away.’—NORTH’S *Plutarch*.

## ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> *Cæsar’s three-and-thirty wounds.* Theobald reduced the number of wounds to three-and-twenty, as given by Plutarch, Appian, and Suetonius. As Shakespeare followed North so closely in details, the higher number is probably a printer’s error. But Ritson pointed out that a similar mistake had been committed by Beaumont and Fletcher, who, in their *Noble Gentleman*, speak of ‘Cæsar’s two-and-thirty wounds.’

<sup>2</sup> *The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!*

*It is impossible that ever Rome*

*Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears*

*To this dead man than you shall see me pay.*

The latter touching portion of this grand and truly Roman panegyric is wholly Shakespeare’s. The first part is from North: ‘So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried.’

<sup>3</sup> *To Thassos send his body.* In the folio, ‘To Tharsus.’ As North has Thassos (properly, Thasos or Thasus), the printer or transcriber is most likely here to blame.

<sup>4</sup> *All the conspirators, save only he,*

*Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;*

*He only, in a general honest thought,*

*And common good to all.*

‘It was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought that of all of them that had slain Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moved to do it as thinking the act commendable of itself; but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy that they otherwise did bear unto him.’—NORTH’S *Plutarch*.





# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



## INTRODUCTION TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THE history of Cleopatra was first dramatised by Samuel Daniel—the ‘admirable Daniel’ as he has been designated by Coleridge, who praises the pure and manly style of that amiable but secondary poet. Daniel’s tragedy of *Cleopatra* was published in 1594. Shakespeare’s drama is supposed to have been produced in 1608, as on May 20th of that year, a publisher, Edward Blount, entered in the Registers of the Stationers’ Company ‘a book called *Antony and Cleopatra*.’ He had thus put in a claim for the copyright, but apparently it was without effect. He had not been able to obtain a copy of the manuscript, and the play was not printed until included in the folio of 1623. Shakespeare borrowed nothing from his predecessor Daniel. His plot, incidents, and characters, and even part of his language, are taken from Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch; and in this particular instance Plutarch was remarkably minute and interesting. He had, as he states, learned from his grandfather many circumstances concerning the fascinating queen of Egypt and the Roman triumvir Antony; and hence he was enabled to present a pair of true and exquisitely-finished portraits. The voluptuous charms and graces of Cleopatra and the idolatrous passion of Antony were thus clearly stamped, as it were, on the world’s history, and Shakespeare came to add fresh glory and vitality to the classic delineations. His genius spread over the whole play, as Hazlitt happily remarks, ‘a richness like the overflowing of the Nile.’ This oriental splendour is seen equally in the imagery and descriptions, and in the characters and dialogues; but perhaps the poet has scarcely done justice to the intellectual superiority of Cleopatra.

## 2 INTRODUCTION TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

All accounts concur in shewing that Cleopatra's powers of fascination depended, not on her beauty (in which Plutarch says she was inferior to Octavia), but on the charms of her manner and conversation, on her rare acquirements and infinite accomplishments. Thus Shakespeare makes Antony exclaim :

‘Fie, wrangling queen !  
Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir’d !’

All arts and languages were at her command, and her voice is gravely described by Dion Cassius as of power sufficient to draw any one, however averse to love by nature or years, to be enamoured of her ! The spell, however, was lost upon Octavius, and the mortified queen sought refuge in suicide from the reproaches and indignities of the conqueror. At the time of her death, Cleopatra was thirty-nine years of age, and Antony about fifty.

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‘Of all Shakespeare’s historical plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature, counteracting the historic abstraction.’—COLERIDGE.

‘*Antony and Cleopatra* does not furnish, perhaps, so many striking beauties as *Julius Cæsar*, but is at least equally redolent of the genius of Shakespeare. Antony indeed was given him by history, and he has but embodied in his own vivid colours the irregular mind of the triumvir. In Cleopatra he had less to guide him ; she is another incarnation of the same passions, more lawless and insensible to reason and honour, as they are found in women. This character not being one that can please, its strong and spirited delineation has not been sufficiently

## INTRODUCTION TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 3

observed. It has indeed only a poetical originality ; the type was in the courtesan of common life, but the resemblance is that of Michael Angelo's Sybils to a muscular woman. In this tragedy, like *Julius Cæsar*, as has been justly observed by Schlegel, the events that do not pass on the stage are scarcely made clear enough to one who is not previously acquainted with history, and some of the persons appear and vanish again without sufficient reason. He has, in fact, copied Plutarch too exactly.'—HALLAM.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

---

M. ANTONY,	}	<i>triumvirs.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	<i>friends of Antony.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MECÆNAS,	}	<i>friends of Cæsar.</i>
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,		
MENAS,	}	<i>friends of Pompey.</i>
MENEORATES,		
VARRIUS,		
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.		
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.		
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.		
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.		

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

5

ALEXAS,  
MARDIAN,  
SELEUCUS,  
DIOMEDES, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*  
A Soothsayer.  
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*  
IRAS,

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*





# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

**PHILO.** Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneagues<sup>1</sup> all temper ;  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust. [*Flourish within.*] Look, where they come !

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world<sup>2</sup> transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome—

*Ant.*

Grates me :—the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this ;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;  
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'<sup>3</sup>

*Ant.*

How, my love !

*Cleo.* Perchance—nay, and most like :—

You must not stay here longer—your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—both ?—  
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame  
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers !

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,  
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.*

Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.*

But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now :—what sport to-night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen !

Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
No messenger ; but thine, and all alone,  
To-night we 'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;  
Last night you did desire it :—speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Train.*]

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry

That he approves the common liar,<sup>4</sup> who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost  
most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so  
to the queen ? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,  
must charge his horns with garlands !

*Alex.* Soothsayer.

*Sooth.* Your will ?

*Char.* Is this the man ?—Is 't you, sir, that know things ?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Shew him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good-fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid !

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush !

*Sooth.* You shall be more believing than belov'd.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me be married  
to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all : let me have a  
child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage : find me  
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my  
mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike my children shall have no names.—Nay,  
come tell *Iras* hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk  
to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how ? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heaven mend! Alexas—come, his fortune, his 'fortune!—O, let him marry, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.*

Not he; the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.*

No, lady.

*Cleo.*

Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus—*

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;  
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :  
Things that are past are done with me.—’Tis thus :  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter’d.

*Mess.* Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,  
Extended Asia from Euphrates ;  
His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Lydia and to Ionia ;  
Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue ;  
Name Cleopatra as she’s call’d in Rome :  
Rail thou in Fulvia’s phrase ; and taunt my faults  
With such full licence as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds  
When our quick minds lie still ; and our ills told us,  
Is as our earring.<sup>6</sup> Fare thee well a while.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

*First Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

*Second Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,  
Or lose myself in dotage.—

*Enter another Messenger.*

What are you?

*Second Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.*

Where died she?

*Second Mess.* In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.*

Forbear me.—

[*Exit second Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;  
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off ;  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus !

*Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir ?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women : we see how mortal  
an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our departure, death's  
the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die : it were  
pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and  
a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra,  
catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have seen  
her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think there  
is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she  
hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the  
finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters,  
sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than  
almanacs can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be,  
she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her !



*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir ?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia ?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented ; this grief is crowned with consolation ; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience<sup>6</sup> to the queen,  
And get her love to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius  
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  
The empire of the sea : our slippery people  
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver  
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw  
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,  
Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up

For the main soldier : whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger : much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,<sup>7</sup>  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.*

I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is he ?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does :—  
I did not send you :—if you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing ; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick : quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not ?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool—the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.  
But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick and sullen.

*Enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.  
What says the married woman?—You may go;  
Would she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra—

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: no going then;—  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:

Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction : the hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change : my more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness :—can Fulvia die ?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:  
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best ;  
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!  
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice : by the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—  
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear ;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her ;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt : good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You 'll heat my blood : no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword—

*Cleo.* And target.—Still he mends ;

But this is not the best : look, prithee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I 'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it :

Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it ;

That you know well : something it is I would—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour :

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;

Since my becoming kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you : your honour calls you hence ;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory, and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet !

*Ant.* Let us go. Come.

Our separation so abides, and flies,

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

Away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Rome. An Apartment in CÆSAR'S House.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Oné great competitor. From Alexandria  
This is the news :—he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience,  
Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : you shall find there  
A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not  
Amiss to give a kingdom for a mirth,  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat ; say, this becomes him  
(As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony  
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for 't : but, to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure;  
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less.  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they can hardly wound  
With keels of every kind: many hot embarks  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on; and the youth revolt:  
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink

The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: and all this  
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pity of him.

*Ces.* Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome. His time we twain  
Did shew ourselves in the field; and, to that end,  
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Caesar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able  
To front this present time.

*Ces.* Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Ces.* Doubt not, sir;

I knew it for my bond.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian—

*Char.* Madam,

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.



*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!

*Char.* Madam, I trust not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; 'tis well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'—

For so he calls me:—now I feed myself

With most delicious poison:—think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time?—Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath

With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—  
This orient pearl :—his speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, 'The firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms : all the east,'  
Say thou, 'shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry ?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between the extremes  
Of hot and cold : he was not sad nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition !—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man ; but note him :  
He was not sad—for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his : he was not merry—  
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy : but between both :  
O heavenly mingle !—Beest thou sad or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts ?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :  
Why do you send so thick ?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Caesar so ?

*Char.* O that brave Caesar !

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis !  
Say, the brave Antony.

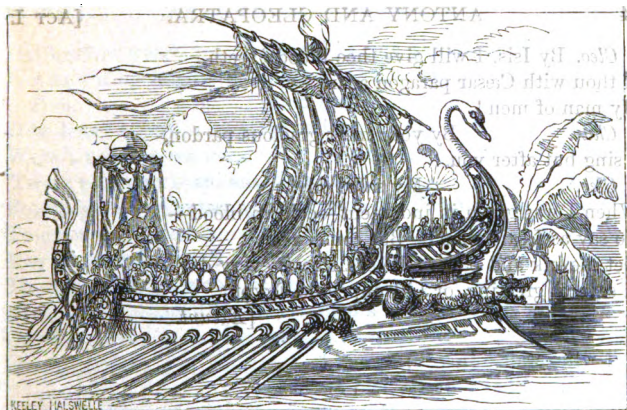
*Char.* The valiant Caesar !

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men!

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My salad days;  
When I was green in judgment—cold in blood—  
To say as I said then!—But come, away:  
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day  
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]



*Eno.* The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water.—*Act II. Sc. 2.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well :  
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;  
My powers are crescent,<sup>1</sup> and my auguring hope  
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony

In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
 No wars without doors : Caesar gets money where  
 He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,  
 Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,  
 Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Caesar and Lepidus  
 Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this ? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvinus, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,  
 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,  
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wad'd lip !  
 Let witchcraft join with beauty !

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts ;  
 Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks  
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;  
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour  
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

*Enter VARRIUS.*

How now, Varius !

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver :  
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
 Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
 A space for farther travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think  
 This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm<sup>2</sup>  
 For such a petty war : his soldiership  
 Is twice the other twain : but let us rear  
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
 The never-weari'd Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope<sup>3</sup>  
 Caesar and Antony shall well greet together  
 His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar ;

His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves ;<sup>4</sup>  
For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome. A Room in the House of LEPIDUS.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself : if Caesar move him,  
Let Antony look over Caesar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave't to day !

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small comes first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion :  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.*

And yonder Caesar.

*Enter CESAR, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, <sup>5</sup> to Parthia's  
Hark, Ventidius.

*Ces.* I do not know, *Mecenas*; ask *Agrippa*.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: when we debate,  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech),  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.<sup>6</sup>

*Ant.*

'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Ces.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.*

Thank you.

*Ces.*

Sit.

*Ant.*

Sit, sir.

*Ces.*

Nay, then.

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are not so;  
Or, being, concern you not.

*Ces.*

I must be laugh'd at.

If, or for nothing or a little, I  
Should say myself offended; and with you  
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at that I should.  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.*

My being in Egypt, *Caesar*.

What was't to you?

*Ces.* No more than my residing here at Rome.

Might be to you in Egypt : yet if you there  
 Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
 Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd ?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent  
 By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother  
 Made wars upon me ; and their contestation  
 Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business ; my brother  
 never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;  
 And have my learning from some true reports,  
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
 Discredit my authority with yours,  
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
 Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters  
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
 As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
 It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
 By laying defects of judgment to me ; but  
 You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so ;  
 I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
 Your partner in the cause against which he fought,  
 Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
 Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
 I would you had her spirit in such another :  
 The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle  
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to  
 wars with the women !

*Ant.* So much uncarvable, her garboils, <sup>7</sup> Cæsar,  
 Made out of her impatience—which not wanted  
 Shrewdness of policy too—I grieving grant



Did you too much disquiet : for that you must  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you.

When rioting in Alexandria ; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,

He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,  
I told him of myself ; which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon : let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath ; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, *Cæsar*.

*Ant.* No, *Lepidus*, let him speak ;  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, *Cæsar* ;  
The article of my oath—

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them ;  
The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather ;  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,  
 Were to remember that the present need  
 Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.*                               Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to then ; your considerate stone.<sup>8</sup>

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
 The manner of his speech : for it cannot be  
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
 What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
 O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.*                                       Give me leave, *Cæsar*—

*Cæs.* Speak, *Agrippa*.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
 Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony  
 Is now a widower.

*Cæs.*                               Say not so, *Agrippa*.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
 Were well deserv'd of rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, *Cæsar* : let me hear  
*Agrippa* further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
 Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims  
 No worse a husband than the best of men ;  
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,

And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
 Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
 Where now half tales be truths: her love to both  
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke:  
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
 By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will *Cæsar* speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how *Antony* is bauld:  
 With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in *Agrippa*,  
 If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,  
 To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of *Cæsar*,  
 And his power unto *Octavia*.

*Ant.* May I never  
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,

Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand  
 Further this act of grace; and from this hour,  
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
 And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There's my hand,  
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
 Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never  
 Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!  
*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst *Pompey*,  
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great  
 Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
 At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us;  
 Of us, must *Pompey* presently be sought,  
 Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misepum.

*Ant.* What's his strength  
By land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing; but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,

Whither straight I'll lead you.  
*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.  
*Lep.* Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.  
[*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honour-  
able friend, Agrippa!

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that matters are so well  
digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made  
the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but  
twelve persons there; is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more  
monstrous matter of feasts, which worthily deserved nothing.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady; if report be square to  
her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his  
heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared; indeed, or my reporter devised well  
for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you:

The barge she sat in,<sup>9</sup> like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description : she did lie  
In her pavilion (cloth-of-gold, of tissue<sup>10</sup>),  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see  
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

*Agr.*

O, rare for Antony !

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings :<sup>11</sup> at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely<sup>12</sup> frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.*

Rare Egyptian !

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper : she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest ;  
Which she entreated : our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;

And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.*                                      Royal wench !  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street :  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never ; he will not ;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety : other women cloy  
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
Bless her.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.*                                      Let us go.—  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.*                                      Humbly, sir, I thank you.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them, Attendants,  
and a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.*                                      All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good-night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :  
I have not kept my square ; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good-night, dear lady.—  
Good-night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good-night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

*Ant.* Now, sirrah ! you do wish yourself in Egypt ?

*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither !

*Ant.* If you can, your reason ?

*Sooth.* I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue : but  
yet hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine ?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :  
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being overpower'd ; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.*

Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens  
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.*

Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him :—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,  
He hath spoken true : the very dice obey him ;  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :

His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
 When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever  
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.<sup>13</sup> I will to Egypt :  
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
 I' the east my pleasure lies :—

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

O, come, Ventidius,  
 You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :  
 Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten  
 Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
 Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
 As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount<sup>14</sup>  
 Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
 My purposes do draw me much about ;  
 You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec.; Agr.* Sir, good success !

*Lep.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music—music, moody food  
 Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The music, ho !



*Enter MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone ; let us to billiards :  
Come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* Come, you 'll play with me, sir ?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good-will is shew'd, though 't come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—  
Give me mine angle—we 'll to the river : there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, ' Ah, ha ! ' you 're caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry when  
You wager'd on your angling ; 'when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time !—O times !—  
I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience ; and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.<sup>15</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy !—

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.*

Madam, madam—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead !—if thou say so, villain,  
Thou kill'st thy mistress : but well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ; we use  
To say the dead are well : bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will ;  
But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony  
Be free and healthful—so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings ! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

*Mess.* Will't please you hear me ?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st :  
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam—

*Cleo.* I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay  
The good precedence ; fie upon 'but yet :'  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together : he's friends with Cæsar ;  
In state of health thou say'st ; and thou say'st free.

*Mess.* Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn ?

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.*

What say you ?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

[*She hauls him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.*

Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage ;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.*

He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

*Mess.*

Nay, then I'll run :—

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—  
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.*

I will not hurt him :—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself ; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news : give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty,

*Cleo.* Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do

If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there still ?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam ?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst ;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence ;  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married ?

*Mess.* Take no offence that I would not offend you :

To punish me for what you make me do  
Seems much unequal : he is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That wot not what thou'rt sure of !—Get thee hence :  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me ; lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em !

[*Exit Messenger.*

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* in praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence :

I faint : O Iras, Charmian !—'Tis no matter :—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia,<sup>16</sup> her years,  
Her inclination ; let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go :—let him not—Charmian,  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
T' other way he's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas

[*To MARDIAN.*]

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,  
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—*Near Misenum.*

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet :  
at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS,  
with Soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.*

Most meet

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent ;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.*

To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods—I do not know  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son and friends ; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire ? And what

Made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,  
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'ercount thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us  
(For this is from the present) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targe undinted.

*Cæs., Ant., Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer: but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience:—though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, you must know,

When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey ;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand :  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;  
For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face ;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :  
I crave our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We'll feast each other ere we part ; and let's  
Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot : but, first  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard :—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that :—he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you ?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now : how far'st thou, soldier ?

*Eno.*

Well ;

And well am like to do ; for I perceive

Four feasts are toward,

*Pom.*

Let me shake thy hand ;

I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.*

Sir,

I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,

When you have well deserv'd ten times as much

As I have said you did.

*Pom.*

Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all :

Will you lead, lords ?

*Cæs., Ant., Lep.*

Shew us the way, sir.

*Pom.*

Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Men.* [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.<sup>17</sup>

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me ; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.



*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander ; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking.  
Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir ?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity : Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so ?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so ; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again : then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar ; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is ; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard ? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir : we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come ; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*On board POMPEY'S Galley, lying near Misenum.*

*Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a banquet.*

*First Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

*Second Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*First Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.<sup>18</sup>

*Second Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

*First Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

*Second Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan<sup>19</sup> I could not heave.

*First Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MÆCÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

*Ant. [To CÆSAR.]* Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth  
Or foison follow: <sup>20</sup> the higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit—and some wine!—a health to Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear: what is't!

*Men.* [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* Forbear me till anon—  
This wine for Lepidus!

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*Aside to MENAS.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* [*Aside to POMPEY.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,  
Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?  
Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quicksands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world ?

*Pom.* What say'st thou ?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world ? That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be ?

*Men.* But entertain it,  
And though thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well ?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

*Pom.* Shew me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,  
Are in thy vessel : let me cut the cable ;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :  
All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,  
And not have spoke on 't ! In me, 'tis villainy ;  
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ;  
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act : being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done ;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*Aside.*] For this,  
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—  
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus !

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas !

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome !

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.*]

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears the third part of the world, man : seest not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk : would it were all, that it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou ; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho !  
Here is to Cæsar !

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer :

But I had rather fast from all four days,  
Than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor !

[*To ANTONY.*]

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink ?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands ;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music :—

The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing ;

The holding every man shall bear,<sup>21</sup> as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.*]

#### SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :

In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;  
Cup us, till the world go round ;  
Cup us, till the world go round !

*Cæs.* What would you more ?—Pompey, good-night. Good brother,

Let me request you off : our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;  
You see we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarb  
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good-night.—  
Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir ; give's your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony,

You have my father's house.—But what ? we are friends.  
Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*]

*Menas*, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.—

These drums !—these trumpets, flutes ! what !—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows : sound, and be hang'd, sound out !

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

*Eno.* Ho, says 'a !—There's my cap.

*Men.* Ho !—noble captain ! Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III

### SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers ; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck ; and now  
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,<sup>1</sup>  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius !  
I have done enough : a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act : for learn this, Silius,  
Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.  
Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person : Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.  
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can

Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that,  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony ?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected ;  
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now ?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens : whither with what haste  
The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome. An Ante-Chamber in CÆSAR'S House.*

*Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted ?

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green-sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

*Eno.* Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar ? How ! the nonpareil !



*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!<sup>2</sup>

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say—'Cæsar ;'—go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best :—yet he loves Antony :  
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!  
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle.<sup>3</sup> So—

[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good-fortune, worthy soldier ; and farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself ;  
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band<sup>4</sup>  
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it : for better might we  
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended

In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear : so, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother !—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes : it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

*Cæs.*

What,

Octavia ?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue—the swan's down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*] Will Cæsar weep ?

*Agr.* [*Aside to ENOBARBUS.*] He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*] He were the worse for that, were he  
a horse ;

So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* [*Aside to ENOBARBUS.*] Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled  
with a rheum ;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd :  
Believe't, till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come ;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :  
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu ; be happy !

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way !

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell !

[*Kisses OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Farewell !

[*Trumpets sound within. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow ?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to :—come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have : but how, when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia ?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where ?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me ?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low ?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian : dull of tongue, and dwarfish !—  
What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps :

Her motion and her station are as one :

She shews a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain ?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceive 't :—there's nothing in her yet :—

The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow !—Charmian, hark.

*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is't long, or round ?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour ?

*Mess.* Brown, madam : and her forehead

As low as she would wish it,

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee

Most fit for business : go, make thee ready ;

Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so : I repent me much

That so I harried him.<sup>5</sup> Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long !

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian :  
But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Athens. A Room in ANTONY's House.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—  
That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
Of semblable import—but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it  
To public ear :  
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me,  
When the best hint was given him : he not look'd,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.* O my good lord,  
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts :  
The good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband !'  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
'O, bless my brother !' Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,  
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks  
Best to preserve it : if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself : better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,

Yourselves shall go between us : the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother : make your soonest haste :  
So your desires are yours.

*Octa.*

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be ;  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros ?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man ?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old : what is the success ?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry ;<sup>6</sup> would not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him : so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns

The rush that lies before him ; cries, 'Fool, Lepidus !'  
And threats the throat of that his officer,  
That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;  
My lord desires you presently : my news  
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be nought :  
But let it be—bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,  
In Alexandria :—here's the manner of it :—  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;  
And all the unlawful issue made between them.  
Unto her he gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ;  
Made her of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye ?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.  
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings :  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : she  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence already,  
Will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it ; and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse ?

*Cæs.* Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.*

*Octa.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stolen upon us thus ? You come not  
Like Cæsar's sister : the wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way  
Should have borne men ; and expectation faint'd,  
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven  
Rais'd by your populous troops : but you are come



A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,  
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you  
By sea and land ; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Octa.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My grieved ear withal : whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Octa.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now ?

*Octa.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
Up to 'Egypt ;' who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war : he hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas :  
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;  
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amyntas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a  
More larger list of sceptres.

*Octa.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other !

*Cæs.* Welcome hither :  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities ;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome ;  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make their ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off ;  
And gives his potent regiment<sup>7</sup> to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir ?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,  
Be ever known to patience : my dearest sister !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S *Camp, near the Promontory of ACTIUM.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But, why, why, why ?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke<sup>8</sup> my being in these wars ;  
And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it ?

*Cleo.* If not denounc'd against us, why should not we  
Be there in person ?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already

Traduc'd for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done :  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne ?<sup>9</sup>—You have heard on 't, sweet ?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea ! What else ?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so ?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : but these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd :  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers,<sup>10</sup> people  
Ingross'd by swift impress : in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :  
Their ships are yare :<sup>11</sup> yours, heavy. No disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance ; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do 't at land.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business ?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;  
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse :—we'll to our ship,  
Away, my Thetis !—

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier ?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;  
Trust not to rotten planks : do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians  
And the Phœnicians go a ducking ; we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well ; away !

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't : so our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justei-  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions,  
As beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well, I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour : and throes forth,  
Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus—

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land ; keep whole ;  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :  
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle : from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army one way over the stage ; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught ! I can behold no longer :  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them !

*Eno.* What's thy passion ?

*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is lost<sup>12</sup>  
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight ?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald nag of Egypt,<sup>13</sup>  
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight—  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,  
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld :  
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

L

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,<sup>14</sup>  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :  
I never saw an action of such shame ;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack !

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts ?  
Why then, good-night, indeed.

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to 't, and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already  
Shew me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark ! the land bids me tread no more upon 't,  
It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither,  
I am so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship

Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.*

Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards  
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you ; be gone :  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left  
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :—  
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him :—comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do ! why, what else ?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno !

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir ?

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie !

*Char.* Madam—

*Iras.* Madam ; O good empress !—

*Eros.* Sir, sir—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes :—he, at Philippi, kept  
His sword even like a dancer ;<sup>15</sup> while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I



That the mad Brutus ended : he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry,<sup>16</sup> and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war : yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him ;

He is unqualitied with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then—sustain me :—O !

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation ;  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ?  
See, how I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord !  
Forgive my fearful sails ; I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after : o'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon !

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror ; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.*                                  Pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost : give me a kiss :  
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—  
Some wine, within there, and our viands !—Fortune knows  
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—CÆSAR'S Camp, in Egypt.

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—  
Know you him ?

*Dol.*                                  Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster :  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.*                                  Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony :  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.*                                  Be't so : declare thine office.

*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,  
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens : this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;  
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there : this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee !

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : despatch ;  
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,  
From thine invention, offers : women are not  
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : try thy cunning, Thyreus,  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What although you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?

The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered question.<sup>17</sup> 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.*

Prithee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer ?

*Eup.*

Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she will yield  
Us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.*

Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.*

That head, my lord ?

*Ant.* To him again : tell him, he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him ; from which the world should note  
Something particular : his coins, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]*

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,  
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdued  
His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony ?—See, my women !—  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty and I begin to square.<sup>18</sup>

*[Aside.*

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly :—yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will ?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends ; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend : for us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are ; and that is Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on : right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O !

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right : mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit ENOBARBUS.*]

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him ? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud, who is<sup>19</sup>  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name ?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this :—in deputation  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :  
Tell him, from his all-obeying-breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father,  
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders !—  
What art thou, fellow ?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno. [Aside.]* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there !—Ay, you kite !—Now gods and devils !  
Authority melts from me : of late, when I cried 'Ho !'  
Like boys unto a muss,<sup>20</sup> kings would start forth,  
And cry, 'Your will ?'—Have you no ears ? I am  
Antony yet.

*Enter Attendants.*

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno. [Aside.]* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars !—  
Whip him.—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here—what's her name,  
Since she was Cleopatra ?—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy : take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony.—

*Ant.* Tug him away : being whipp'd,  
Bring him again :—this Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.

*[Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.]*

You were half-blasted ere I knew you :—ha !  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders ?

*Cleo.*

Good my lord—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever :—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard  
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes; <sup>21</sup>  
Drop our clear judgments; make us adore our errors;  
Laugh at us while we strut to our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is it come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out : for, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

**Cleo.** Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, 'God quit you!' be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,  
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

*First Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

*First Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment : look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him : for he seems  
Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,



Not what he knew I was : he makes me angry ;  
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;  
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
 My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has  
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
 As he shall like, to quit me : urge it thou :  
 Hence with thy stripes, begone !

[Exit THEYRUS.]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet ?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
 Is now eclipsed ; and it portends alone  
 The fall of Antony !

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that ties his points ?<sup>22</sup>

*Cleo.* Not know me yet ?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me ?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
 And poison it in the source ; and the first stone  
 Drop in my neck : as it determines,<sup>23</sup> so  
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !  
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my 'name,'  
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,<sup>24</sup>  
 Lie graveless—till the flies and gnats of Nile.  
 Have buried them for prey !

*Ant.* I am satisfied.  
 Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where  
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too  
 Have knit again, and fleet,<sup>25</sup> threat'ning most sealike.  
 Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear, lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;  
There's hope in't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be trouble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests: but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me  
All my sad captains; fill our bowls; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birthday:

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force  
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make Death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,  
Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]



*Ant.* My queen 's a squire  
More tight at this than thou.—*Act IV. Sc. 4.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal combat,  
Cæsar to Antony : let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die ;<sup>1</sup> mean time,     τ  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction :<sup>2</sup>—never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight :—within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;  
And feast the army : we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,  
ALEXAS, and others.

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius ?

*Eno.*

No.

*Ant.* Why should he not ?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.*

To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry, 'Take all.'

*Ant.*

Well said ; come on.—

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

*Enter* Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—  
Thou—and thou—and thou :—you have serv'd me well,  
And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.*

What means this ?

*Eno.* [*Aside to CLEOPATRA.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which  
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

*Ant.*

And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men ;  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony ; that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid !

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :  
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* [*Aside to ENOBARBUS.*] What does he mean ?

*Eno.* [*Aside to CLEOPATRA.*] To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty :  
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,  
A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away ; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death :  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for 't !

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;  
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed : for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho !  
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus !  
Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sense,  
For I spake to you for your comfort : did desire you  
To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,  
And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter two Soldiers, to their Guard.**First Sold.* Brother, good-night : to-morrow is the day.*Second Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

*First Sold.* Nothing. What news ?*Second Sold.*

Belike, 'tis but a rumour :

Good-night to you.

*First Sold.* Well, sir, good-night.*Enter two other Soldiers.**Second Sold.*

Soldiers,

Have careful watch.

*Third Sold.* And you. Good-night, good-night.*[The first two place themselves at their posts.]**Fourth Sold.* Here we *[They take their posts]* : and if to-morrow  
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
Our landmen will stand up.*Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

*[Music of hautboys under the stage.]**Fourth Sold.* Peace, what noise ?*First Sold.* List, list !*Second Sold.* Hark !*First Sold.* Music i' the air.*Third Sold.* Under the earth.*Fourth Sold.* It signs well,

Does 't not ?

*Third Sold.* No.*First Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean ?*Second Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him.*First Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do. *[They advance to another post.]*

M

*Second Sold.* How now, masters ?

*Sold.* How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ?

[*Several speaking together.*]

*First Sold.* Ay : is 't not strange ?

*Third Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

*First Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;  
Let's see how 'twill give off.

*Sold.* [*Several speaking.*] Content. 'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN, and others,  
attending.*

*Ant.* Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour, Eros !

*Enter EROS, with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on :—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for ?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be ! thou art

The armourer of my heart :—false, false ; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help : thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well :

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow ?

Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well ?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely ;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this than thou : despatch.—O love,  
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see  
A workman in 't.—

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

Good-morrow to thee ; welcome :  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :  
To business that we love we rise betime,  
And go to 't with delight.

*First Off.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.

*[Shout and flourish of trumpets within.]*

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Second Off.* The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general.

*All.* Good-morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,  
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable,

*[Kisses her.]*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight  
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

*[Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.]*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber ?

*Cleo.*

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might



Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S *Camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound within. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

*Ant.* Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd  
To make me fight at land !

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning ?

*Sold.* Who ?

One ever near thee : call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, 'I am none of thine.'

*Ant.* What say'st thou ?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone ?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings ;  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men !—Despatch.—Enobarbus !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S *Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,  
Our will is Antony be took alive ;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit* AGRIPPA.]

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near :  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony

Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go, charge Agrippa:

Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry,  
On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill :  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

**Sold.** **Enobarbus, Antony**

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus : the messenger

Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, *Enobarbus*.

I tell you true : best you saf'd the bringer<sup>s</sup>  
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O *Antony*,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my heart :  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do't, I feel.  
I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die ; the foulest best fits  
My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum.* Drums and trumpets. Enter *AGRIPPA*, and others.

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :  
*Cæsar* himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarum.* Enter *ANTONY* and *SCARUS*, wounded.

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !  
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.<sup>4</sup>

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum.* *Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS, and Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp : run one before,  
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;  
For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been  
Each man's like mine ; you have shewn all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;

[*To SCARUS.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing !

*Cleo.*

Lord of lords !

O, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught ?

*Ant.*

My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though gray  
Do something mingle with our younger brown ;  
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,  
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—  
Kiss it, my warrior :—he hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.*

I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;<sup>6</sup>  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

*Sentinels on their post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard : the night



*Second Sold.* Hear you, air ?

*First Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.<sup>6</sup> Hark, the drums

[*Drums afar off.*]

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard ; he is of note : our hour  
Is fully out.

*Third Sold.* Come on then ; he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X.—*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea ;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air ;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is : our foot,  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
Shall stay with us :—order for sea is given ;  
They have put forth the haven : let us go<sup>7</sup>  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall ; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* ANTONY and SCARUS.

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd : where yon pine does stand,  
I shall discover all ; I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers  
Say they know not—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarm afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Re-enter* ANTONY.

*Ant.* All is lost ;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost.—' Cleopatra ! ' 'tis thou  
Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all :—bid them all fly, be gone.

[*Exit* SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :  
O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home ;  
Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end,



Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
 What, Eros, Eros !

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

*Ant.* Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex : most monster-like, be shewn  
 For poorest diminutives, for doits ; and let  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEOPATRA.*] 'Tis well thou 'rt  
 gone,

If it be well to live ; but better 'twere  
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :  
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die ;  
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
 Under this plot : she dies for 't.—Eros, ho !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad  
 Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly  
 Was never so emboss'd.<sup>9</sup>

*Char.* To the monument ;

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument!—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:  
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;  
They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body; here I am Antony;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has

Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us  
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—

*Enter MARDIAN.*

O, thy vile lady !

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony ;  
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
 With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;  
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once ;  
 And that she has discharg'd : what thou wouldst do  
 Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake  
 Was, 'Antony ! most noble Antony !'  
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
 The name of Antony ; it was divided  
 Between her heart and lips ; she render'd life,  
 Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then ?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,  
 And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,  
 Does pay thy labour richly ; go. [*Exit MARDIAN.*—Off, pluck  
 off ;—

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !  
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent ;  
 Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
 No more a soldier :—bruised pieces, go ;  
 You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—

[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture :—since the torch is out,  
 Lie down and stray no further : now all labour  
 Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles  
 Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.—  
 Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :  
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord ?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
 The courage of a woman ; less noble mind  
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
 ' I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent should come (which now  
 Is come, indeed), when I should see behind me  
 Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace  
 And horror, that, on my command, thou then  
 Wouldst kill me : do 't ; the time is come :  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me !  
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

*Ant.* Eros,  
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,<sup>10</sup> bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued ?

*Eros.* I would not see 't.

*Ant.* Come then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;  
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee.

[Turning from him.]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
My captain and my emperor ; let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

*Ant.*

Now, *Eros.*

*Eros.* Why, there then :—[Falls on his sword.] Thus I do  
escape the sorrow  
Of Antony's death.

[Dies.]

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself !  
Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and *Eros*  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record : but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, *Eros*,  
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus [Falling on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—  
The guard—ho!—O, despatch me.

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*

*First Guard.* What's the noise?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end  
Of what I have begun.

*Second Guard.* The star is fallen.

*First Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me dead.

*First Guard.* Not I.

*Second Guard.* Nor I.

*Third Guard.* Nor any one.

*[Exit Guard.]*

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

*[Exit DERCETAS.]*

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear  
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead ;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed :—call my guard, I prithee.

*Dio.* What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard, what, ho !  
Come, your lord calls.

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*First Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day !

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :  
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

*[Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.]*

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.—

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

How now ? is he dead ?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O thou sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling stand  
The varying shore o' the world !—O Antony !  
Antony, Antony !—Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help ;  
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace :  
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only  
I here importune death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear—  
Dear my lord, pardon—I dare not,  
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony—  
Help me, my women—we must draw thee up ;—  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs my  
lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness ;  
That makes the weight : had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—



Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome ! die where thou hast liv'd :

Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,

Thus would I wear them out.

*All.*

A heavy sight !

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying :

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.*

One word, sweet queen :

Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O !

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.*

Gentle, hear me ;

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust ;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest : and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman—a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;  
I can no more.

*Cleo.*

Noblest of men, woo't die ?

Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,  
The crown o' the earth doth melt :—my lord !—

[*ANTONY dies.*]

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen ; young boys and girls  
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady—

*Iras.* Madam—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt!

Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*Clea.* No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded:  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares.<sup>11</sup>—It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish; and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?  
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?  
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—good sirs, take heart:—

[*To the Guard below.*]

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S body.*]



*Char. Speak softly, wake her not.—Act V. Sc. 2.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS,  
PROCULEIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;  
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.*

Cæsar, I shall.

*[Exit DOLABELLA.]*

*Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that ? and what art thou that dar'st  
Appear thus to us ?

*Der.*

I am call'd Dercetas ;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up and spoke,  
He was my master ; and I wore my life

To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st ?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack : the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens :—the death of Antony  
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar ;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;  
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends ?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Wag'd equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony !  
I have follow'd thee to this :—but we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce

Have shewn to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together  
In the whole world : but yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?  
*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction ;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart ;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee !

*[Exit.]*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say  
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require ;  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph : go,  
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.**Cæsar, I shall.**[Exit PROCULEIUS.]**Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius?*[Exit GALLUS.]**Agr., Mec.**Dolabella!**Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent: where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: go with me, and see  
What I can shew in this.*[Exeunt.]*SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.**Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.**Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will: and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS,  
and Soldiers.**Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.*Cleo. [Within.]**What's thy name?**Pro.* My name is Proculeius.*Cleo. [Within.]**Antony*

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer ;  
You are fallen into a princely hand ; fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace that it flows over  
On all that need : let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort ; for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surprised ;  
[*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*  
Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*

*Iras.* Royal queen !

*Char.* O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

*Pro.*

Hold, worthy lady, hold :

*[Seizes and disarms her.]*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.*

What, of death too

That rids our dogs of languish !

*Pro.*

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself : let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.*

Where art thou, Death ?

Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars !

*Pro.*

O, temperance, lady !

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;

If idle talk will once be necessary,  
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;  
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And shew me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make  
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains !

*Pro.*

You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.**Dol.*

Proculeius,

What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,



And he hath sent for thee : for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.  
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams ;  
Is't not your trick ?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dreamt there was an emperor Antony ;—  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man !

*Dol.* If it might please you—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
The little O, the earth.<sup>1</sup>

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm  
Crested the world : his voice was property'd  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,<sup>2</sup>  
That grew the more by reaping : his delights  
Were dolphin-like ; they shew'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in : in his livery  
Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and islands were  
As plates<sup>3</sup> dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.*

Cleopatra—

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dreamt of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming : nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam ;  
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight : would I might never  
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will ;  
I know it.

*Within.* Make way there—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS,  
and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.]

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel :—

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts :

The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.*

Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well  
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.*

Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce :  
If you apply yourself to our intents  
(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find  
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and we  
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;  
Not petty things admitted.—Where 's Seleucus ?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.*

What have I kept back ?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar ! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;  
And should we shift estates yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild :—O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou shalt  
Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings : slave, soulless villain, dog !  
O rarely base !

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends<sup>4</sup> withal ; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded  
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me  
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence ;

[To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance :—wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.*

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.

*Cleo.* Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought  
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.*

Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;  
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;  
For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord !

*Cæs.*

Not so. Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

*Iras.* Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.*

Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;

Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.*

Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.*

Behold, sir.

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

*Cleo.*

Dolabella ?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before :  
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.*

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

*Cleo.* Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks.

[*Exit* DOLABELLA.

Now, Iras, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn

In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid !

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras :—saucy lictors  
Will catch at us like strumpets ; and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels : Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.<sup>5</sup>

*Iras.* O the good gods !

*Cleo.* Nay, that is certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

*Enter* CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen :—go fetch

My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony :—sirrah, Iras, go.—

Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed :

And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

Wherefore's this noise ?

[*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

O

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' presence ;  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*] What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me : now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guard.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not ?

*Clown.* Truly I have him : but I would not be the party that  
should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal ; those  
that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on 't ?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of one  
of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest woman, but  
something given to lie ; as a woman should not do, but in the  
way of honesty : how she died of the biting of it, what pain  
she felt—truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm :  
but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved  
by half that they do : but this is most fallible, the worm's an  
odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence ; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell.

[*Clown sets down the basket.*]

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm will  
do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay ; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me ?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have  
Immortal longings in me : now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—  
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks I hear  
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come :  
Now to that name my courage prove my title !  
I am fire and air ; my other elements  
I give to baser life.—So—have you done ?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS falls and dies.<sup>6</sup>

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?



If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,  
The gods themselves do weep !

*Cleo.* This proves me base :  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,  
[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak !  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass  
Unpolicied !

*Char.* O eastern star !

*Cleo.* Peace, peace !  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

*Char.* O, break ! O, break !

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—  
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay—

[*Falls on a bed, and dies.*

*Char.* In this vile world ?—So, fare thee well.—  
Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;  
I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*First Guard.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

*First Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.*

Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*]

O, come ; apace, despatch : I partly feel thee.

*First Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's beguil'd.

*Second Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar :—call him.

*First Guard.* What work is here ?—Charmian, is this well done ?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier !

[*Dies.*]

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here ?

*Second Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

*Within.* A way there, a way for Cæsar !

*Enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Dol.* O, sir, you are too sure an augurer ;  
That you did fear is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last :

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?

I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them ?

*First Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs.  
This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then.

*First Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood, and spake :

I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness !—  
If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear  
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :  
The like is on her arm.

*First Guard.* This is an aspic's trail : and these fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,  
That so she died ; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;  
And bear her women from the monument :—  
She shall be buried by her Antony :  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them ; and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*]

## NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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### ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> *Reneagues*. We have had this unusual expression in *King Lear*—signifying disowns, or renounces. The word is generally spelt *reneges*, but Shakespeare uses it as a dissyllable; and it should, as Coleridge says, be written *reneagues* or *renigues*, as ‘fatigues,’ &c. In *King Lear*, the quartos have *reneag*.

<sup>2</sup> *The triple pillar of the world*; one of the three triumvirs. ‘Triple,’ as Warburton remarked, is used improperly for *third*, but the expression is characteristic of the poet’s style.

<sup>3</sup> *Perform’t, or else we damn thee*—else we condemn thee. The Old Corrector substitutes *doom*; but, as Mr Singer says, in Shakespeare’s time, ‘damn’ meant nothing more than condemn, and would not have offended the ears of his contemporaries. In this passage the word has not the sound of an oath.

<sup>4</sup> *He approves the common liar*; he confirms the reports of rumour.

<sup>5</sup> *Our earing*—our tilling, or ploughing.

<sup>6</sup> *The cause of our expedience*—our expedition.

<sup>7</sup> *Which, like the courser’s hair, hath yet but life*. This is so far true to appearance, that a horse-hair, ‘laid,’ as Holinshed says, ‘in a pail of water,’ will become the supporter of seemingly one worm, though probably of an immense number of small slimy water-lice. The hair will twirl round a finger, and sensibly compress it.—COLERIDGE.

<sup>8</sup> *Burgonet*—helmet.

<sup>9</sup> *An arm-gaunt steed*. This phrase is generally supposed to be a misprint. Hanmer proposed ‘arm-girt’—the best of many alterations, yet an expression that does not seem Shakespearean.

### ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> *My powers are crescent*. Theobald altered this to ‘My power’s a crescent,’ in order that it might agree with ‘it’ in the next line; but Shakespeare, and most of his contemporaries, frequently, as Mr Dyce says, make ‘it’ refer to a preceding plural substantive.

<sup>2</sup> *Donn'd his helm* ; put on his helm. To *don*, is to do on.

<sup>3</sup> *I cannot hope*—I cannot expect.

<sup>4</sup> *They should square between themselves* ; they should quarrel. Mr Collier publishes an extract from a letter by the Earl of Leicester, shewing the same use of the term square : 'How things have bred this little square between these two well-affected princes, I cannot tell.'

<sup>5</sup> *If we compose well here* ; if we come to a good agreement or composition of differences.

<sup>6</sup> *Nor curstness grow to the matter*. 'Curstness' was ill-humour, crossness.

<sup>7</sup> *Her garboils* ; misunderstandings and confusion.

<sup>8</sup> *Go to then ; your considerate stone* ; that is, I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your actions !—TOLLET. The passage, we suspect, is corrupt.

<sup>9</sup> *The barge she sat in*, &c. This gorgeous description is copied from North's Plutarch : 'She disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus ; the poop whereof was gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, eitherns, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself : she was laid under a pavilion of cloth-of-gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus commonly drawn in picture ; and hard by her on either hand of her pretty fair boys, apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the water) and like the Graces ; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people.'

<sup>10</sup> *Cloth-of-gold, of tissue* ; cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue.

<sup>11</sup> *And made their bends adornings*. 'The plain sense,' says Steevens, 'of this contested passage seems to be, that these ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay to their queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.' Warburton proposed to read *adorings* for 'adornings' : they did Cleopatra observance in the posture of adoration as if she had been Venus.

<sup>12</sup> *Yarely*—dexterously, nimbly.

<sup>13</sup> *And his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.*

Anciently, 'quails' were matched like fighting-cocks. The incident is from North's Plutarch: 'Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome.'

<sup>14</sup> *At the Mount*—at Mount Misenum.

<sup>15</sup> *His sword Philippan*; the sword he wore at the battle of Philippi.

<sup>16</sup> *Report the feature of Octavia*; the form and appearance of Octavia.

<sup>17</sup> *You and I have known, sir*; been acquainted—have known each other.

<sup>18</sup> *Alms-drink*; that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.—WARBURTON.

<sup>19</sup> *Partisan*—halberd.

<sup>20</sup> *Foison*—plenty, abundance.

<sup>21</sup> *The holding every man shall bear*; the burden or chorus of the song.

### ACT III.

<sup>1</sup> *Thy Pacorus, Orodes*. Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

<sup>2</sup> *O thou Arabian bird*!—the phoenix.

<sup>3</sup> *They are his shards, and he their beetle*; they are his wings.

<sup>4</sup> *My furthest band*—bond. In Shakespeare's time *band* and *bond* were synonymous.

<sup>5</sup> *I harried him*. To *harry*, is to use roughly, harass, subdue; or literally, to hunt. Hence the word *harrier*. King James threatened the Puritans that 'he would harry them out of the land.'—STEEVENS. The phrase is still common in Scotland.

<sup>6</sup> *Denied him rivalry*; denied him equal or rival rank.

<sup>7</sup> *Regiment*; authority and government. John Knox has a treatise against the regiment or government of women.

<sup>8</sup> *Forspoke*; spoken against, forbidden.

<sup>9</sup> *And take in Toryne*; take Toryne by conquest—subdue it.

<sup>10</sup> *Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, &c.* The folio has *militers*; but North's Plutarch points out the error, for there it is stated that Antony's sailors were 'muliters, reapers, harvest-men.'

<sup>11</sup> *Their ships are yare*; light and active. We have previously had 'yarely.' North's Plutarch describes Cæsar's ship as 'light of yarage.'

<sup>12</sup> *The greater canile of the world is lost*; the larger portion—a great

corner. 'Cæsar in this play,' says Steevens, 'mentions the three-nook'd world. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner.'

<sup>13</sup> *Yon' ribald nag of Egypt.* In the folio, *ribaudred*, which is often printed *ribald-rid*. In some editions we have *hag* substituted for 'nag,' but, as Johnson remarked, the mention in the same speech of the *brise*, or fly that stings cattle, proves that 'nag' is the right word.

<sup>14</sup> *She once being loof'd*—being *luff'd*, or brought close to wind.

<sup>15</sup> *He, at Philippi, kept*

*His sword even like a dancer.*

He never drew his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, 'like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England.'—STEEVENS.

<sup>16</sup> *Dealt on lieutenantry*; he fought by proxy; on the strength of his lieutenants, and did not expose himself.

<sup>17</sup> *The mered question.* "Mered" is, I suspect, a word of our author's formation, from *mere*; he being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war.'—MALONE. A *mere* was also a boundary. Johnson proposed *mooted*.

<sup>18</sup> *Mine honesty and I begin to square*—begin to quarrel.

<sup>19</sup> *And put yourself under his shroud, who is.* The words 'who is' have been added by Mr Collier's Old Corrector to complete the line. Capell suggested *the great*.

<sup>20</sup> *A muss*—a scramble.

<sup>21</sup> *The wise gods seal our eyes.* To 'seel,' as has previously been noted, was a term in falconry, signifying to close the eyes of a hawk; but here, as in other places, the ordinary word *seal* would be equally applicable.

<sup>22</sup> *With one that ties his points*; with a mere servant. 'Points' were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunk-hose were fastened. John Bunyan, it will be recollected, helped to support his family while in prison by making long-tagged thread-laces.

<sup>23</sup> *As it determines*—as it melts.

<sup>24</sup> *The discandying of this pelleted storm.* In the folio, *discandering*, an unintelligible word. Thirlby substituted *discandying*, and in the next we have the verb to *discandy*.

<sup>25</sup> *And fleet*—and float.

#### ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> *Let the old ruffian know,*

*I have many other ways to die.*

Hammer and Upton pointed out that it should be '*He* (Mark Antony, and not Cæsar) hath many other ways to die.' So it is in Plutarch, but

North's translation gives the passage ambiguously, and misled the poet :  
 'Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand : Cæsar answered that he had many other ways to die than so.'

<sup>2</sup> *Make boot of his distraction ; make your advantage or booty of it.*

<sup>3</sup> *Best you saf'd the bringer ; best you made the bringer safe.*

<sup>4</sup> *I had a wound here that was like a T,*

*But now 'tis made an H.*

No doubt a play upon the word H, or *ache* (pronounced *aitch*), was here intended.

<sup>5</sup> *Tabourines*—drums.

<sup>6</sup> *The hand of death hath raught him.* The word 'raught' was the old preterite of the verb *to reach*. Shakespeare has employed it in several of his dramas.

<sup>7</sup> *They have put forth the haven : let us go.* The words 'let us go' were suggested by Tyrrwhit, to complete the measure of the line, as well as the meaning of the context. Mr Dyce adds, *forward now*.

<sup>8</sup> *Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon.* This image our poet may have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says Lichas, being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood.—WARBURTON. See also Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book ix.

<sup>9</sup> *Emboss'd ;* a hunting term, several times employed by the poet, meaning hard-run and foaming at the mouth.

<sup>10</sup> *Pleach'd arms ;* arms folded or crossed.

<sup>11</sup> *The meanest chares ;* the meanest household offices—a chare-woman.

#### ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> *The little O, the earth ;* the little orb.

<sup>2</sup> *An autumn 'twas.* In the folio, 'an *Antony*.' Of the numerous verbal corrections made on the text of this play, the above, 'an autumn,' by Theobald, is one of the happiest.

<sup>3</sup> *Plates ;* silver coins.

<sup>4</sup> *Modern friends ;* common or ordinary friends. The word, in this sense, occurs often in Shakespeare.

<sup>5</sup> *Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness ;* an allusion to the boy-performers on the stage, who personated women.

<sup>6</sup> *Iras falls and dies.* 'Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon.'—STEEVENS. The words 'Iras falls and dies' are a modern stage direction, pointed out by Cleopatra's speech. In North's Plutarch the incident is thus given : 'But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired



and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet : and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore on her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: "Is that well done, Charmian?" "Very well," said she again, "and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed.'

# CORIO LANUS.



## INTRODUCTION TO CORIOLANUS.

**T**HIS stately and impressive Roman drama embraces a period of about four years, commencing with the secession of the people to Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262. The story, however, belongs to the semi-fabulous portion of Roman history, and is so poetical in its nature and details, that it is now believed to be merely a legendary romance, and Niebuhr would exclude nearly the whole of it from the region of authentic history. Shakespeare found his materials in North's Plutarch, and he has, as in the case of *Antony and Cleopatra*, followed the old translation very closely. He has, however, divested the character of the hero of some of its more repulsive features. Plutarch describes Coriolanus as 'so choleric and impatient that he would yield to no living creature, which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation: yet men, marvelling much at his constancy, that he was never overcome with pleasure nor money, and how he would endure easily all manner of pains and travels: thereupon they well liked and commended his stoutness and temperancy.' The military chief, in short, was admired but not esteemed; his haughtiness repelled sympathy, and in the strife of factions he was on the unpopular side of the patricians. Shakespeare does not represent Coriolanus as always or habitually proud and arrogant. He restricts such displays to his hero's intercourse with one class of the citizens—an ignorant, clamorous, and seditious class, whom he will not stoop to flatter; and he represents the great Roman as beloved

by his kindred and friends, and animated in all his public aims by the noblest virtue and patriotism. The poet, it must be admitted, sympathises with the patricians rather than the plebeians. His Roman mobs are very contemptible and ridiculous, even when they have so good an excuse for mutiny as the want of bread. But there are redeeming touches; the mob is not insensible to the strong sense and homely humour of the facetious senator, Menenius, and the dramatist paints the pride of Coriolanus as sufficiently unreasonable and offensive. He was solicitous, as Skottowe remarks, to make his hero right in the principle on which he acts, but he was equally careful, by exaggerating the intemperance of his conduct, to place him decidedly wrong in its application. 'Instead of soliciting the suffrages of the people as a favour; of submitting an humble statement of his services, and exhibiting the wounds which he had received in defence of his country, as Plutarch informed the poet (though incorrectly) was the custom with suitors, the dramatic Coriolanus insolently demands the consulship as a right, and proudly refuses to gratify the citizens by a display of those scars which bore testimony to his valour and his services.' Indeed, the haughtiness and insolence of the hero would be intolerable were it not for his intellectual superiority, his brave soldier-like disinterestedness, in scorning all mere mercenary rewards, and his devotedness to his mother Volumnia, that striking representative of the high-souled Roman matron.

There does not appear to have been any old play on the subject of Coriolanus. Shakespeare's tragedy is the only embodiment of that portion of Roman history. He is supposed to have written it about 1610, and it is obvious from the style that it was one of his late productions. It was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is divided into Acts but not into Scenes. Drake remarks that 'the numerous vicissitudes in the story; its rapidity of action, its contrast of character, the splendid vigour of its serious, and the satirical sharpness and relish of its more familiar scenes, together with the animation which prevails throughout all its parts, have conferred on this play, both in the closet and

on the stage, a remarkable degree of attraction.' The elevated character and varied fortunes of the hero afford full scope for the powers of the tragic actor.

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'This play illustrates the wonderfully philosophic impartiality of Shakespeare's politics. His own country's history furnished him with no matter but what was too recent to be devoted to patriotism. Besides, he knew that the instruction of ancient history would seem more dispassionate. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, you see Shakespeare's good-natured laugh at mobs.'—COLERIDGE.

'In the three Roman pieces, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, the moderation with which Shakespeare excludes foreign appendages and arbitrary suppositions, and yet fully satisfies the wants of the stage, is particularly deserving of admiration. These plays are the very thing itself; and under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history as he found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed. Of every historical transaction Shakespeare knows how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events detached from the immeasurable extent of history without in any degree changing them. The public life of ancient Rome is called up from its grave, and exhibited before our eyes with the utmost grandeur and freedom of the dramatic form, and the heroes of Plutarch are ennobled by the most eloquent poetry. In *Coriolanus* we have more comic intermixtures than in the others, as the many-headed multitude plays here a considerable part, and when Shakespeare portrays the blind movements of the people in a mass, he almost always gives himself up to his merry humour.'—SCHLEGEL.

'In the third Roman tragedy of Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, he luckily found an intrinsic historical unity which he could not have destroyed, and which his magnificent delineation of the chief personage has thoroughly maintained. *Coriolanus* himself

has the grandeur of sculpture ; his proportions are colossal ; nor would less than this transcendent superiority by which he towers over his fellow-citizens, warrant, or seem for the moment to warrant, his haughtiness and their pusillanimity. The surprising judgment of Shakespeare is visible in this.'—HALLAM.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS, }  
COMINIUS, } *generals against the Volscians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*

Young MARCIUS, *son to Coriolanus.*

*A Roman Herald.*

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians.*

*Lieutenant to Aufidius.*

*Conspirators with Aufidius.*

*A Citizen of Antium.*

*Two Volscian Guards.*

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*

*Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,  
Citizens, Messengers, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—PARTLY IN ROME, AND PARTLY IN THE TERRITORIES OF  
THE VOLSCIANS AND ANTIATES.







*First Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

—*Act I. Sc. 1.*

## C O R I O L A N U S.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and  
—other weapons.*

*First Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*Cit.* Speak, speak.

*First Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

*Cit.* Resolved, resolved.

*First Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*Cit.* We know't, we know't.

*First Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*Cit.* No more talking on't : let it be done : away, away !

*Second Cit.* One word, good citizens.

*First Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens ; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely ; but they think we are too dear : the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance ; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes :<sup>1</sup> for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

*Second Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcins ?

*Cit.* Against him first : he's a very dog to the commonalty.

*Second Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

*First Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*Second Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

*First Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end ; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

*Second Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

*First Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o' the city is risen : why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol !

*Cit.* Come, come.

*First Cit.* Soft ! who comes here ?

*Second Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people.

*First Cit.* He's one honest enough : would all the rest were so !

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you with bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

*First Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, Will you undo yourselves?

*First Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment: for the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

*First Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;

But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To stale't a little more.<sup>2</sup>

*First Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to  
fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time when all the body's members  
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—  
That only like a gulf it did remain  
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments  
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And mutually participate; did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

*First Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile  
As well as speak), it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.

*First Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!  
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?—  
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

*First Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o' the body—

*Men.* Well, what then?

*First Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you ;  
If you 'll bestow a small (of what you have little)  
Patience a while, you 'll hear the belly's answer.

*First Cit.* You are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend ;  
Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.  
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,  
'That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,  
Because I am the storehouse and the shop  
Of the whole body : but if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart—to the seat o' the brain ;  
And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live : and though that all at once,  
You, my good friends,' this says the belly, mark me—

*First Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

*Men.* 'Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each ;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flour of all,  
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't ?

*First Cit.* It was an answer : how apply you this ?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members : for examine  
Their counsels and their cares ; digest things rightly,  
Touching the weal o' the common ; you shall find,  
No public benefit which you receive  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?  
You, the great toe of this assembly ?—

*First Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

*Men.* For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—  
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
The one side must have bale.<sup>3</sup>—Hail, noble Marcius !

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues ?

*First Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter  
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,  
That like nor peace nor war ? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions finds you hares ;  
Where foxes, geese : you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness  
Deserves your hate : and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye !  
With every minute you do change a mind ;  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,  
That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another ?—What's their seeking ?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they say,  
The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em ! They say !  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know

What's done i' the Capitol ; who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines ; side factions, and give out  
Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough !  
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick my lance.<sup>4</sup>

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop ?

*Mar.* They are dissolved : hang 'em !  
They said they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth proverbs—  
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,  
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not  
Corn for the rich men only :—with these shreds  
They vented their complainings ; which being answer'd,  
And a petition granted them, a strange one  
(To break the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale), they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them ?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice : one's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath !  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me ; it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments !



*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: what's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent  
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS  
BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

*First Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;  
The Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility;  
And were I anything but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*First Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;  
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Martius;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred!

*First Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;  
Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Marcius !

*First Sen.* Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

*Mar.*

Nay, let them follow :

The Volsces have much corn ; take these rats thither,  
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COMINIUS, MARCIUS, TITUS,  
and MENENIUS. Citizens steal away.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

*Sic.*

Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him : he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.*

Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon : but I do wonder  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

*Bru.*

Fame, at the which he aims—

In whom already he is well grac'd—cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first : for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he  
Had borne the business !'

*Sic.*

Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits<sup>s</sup> rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come :  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,  
More than in singularity, he goes  
Upon this present action.

*Bru.* Let's along.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Corioli. The Senate-House.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

*First Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours ?  
What ever have been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention ? 'Tis not four days gone  
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think  
I have the letter here ; yes, here it is :

[*Reads.*]  
'They have press'd a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east or west : the dearth is great ;  
The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent : most likely 'tis for you :  
Consider of it.'

*First Sen.* Our army's in the field :

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly  
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when  
They needs must shew themselves ; which in the hatching,  
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,  
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

*Second Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :  
Let us alone to guard Corioli :  
If they set down before us, for the remove  
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find  
They've not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O, doubt not that ;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more ;  
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you !

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe !

*First Sen.*

Farewell.

*Second Sen.*

Farewell.

*All.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS'S House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA : they sit down on two low stools,  
and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more  
comfortable sort : if my son were my husband, I should freelier

rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.<sup>6</sup> I tell thee, daughter—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam—how then ?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son ; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely—had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum ;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair ;  
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning him :  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus—  
'Come on, you cowards ! you were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome :' his bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;  
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

*Vol.* Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man  
Than gilt his trophy : the breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria  
We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

*Vol.* He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good-day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam.

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both ? you are manifest housekeepers.  
What are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith.—How  
does your little son ?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look  
upon his schoolmaster.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son : I 'll swear 'tis a very pretty  
boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour  
together : he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run  
after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go  
again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up  
again ; caught it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how  
'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it ; O, I warrant, how he  
mammoaked it !<sup>7</sup>

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play  
the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors !

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience; I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No, at a word, madam, indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news.—A wager, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will  
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.  
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work;  
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends!—Comè, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others.*  
Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

*First Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he:  
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,  
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;  
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Other alarums.*]

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it!

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!



*The Volsces enter, and pass over.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus :  
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows ;  
He that retires I'll take him for a Volscce,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans  
are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome !—Unheard-of Boils and plagues  
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorrd  
Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and hell !  
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,  
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you ! look to't : come on ;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight  
is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows  
them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope :—now prove good seconds :  
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

*[He enters the gates.*

*First Sol.* Fool-hardiness ; not I.

*Second Sol.* Nor I.

*[MARCIUS is shut in.*

*Third Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.<sup>8</sup> [*Alarum continues.*]

*Enter* TITUS LARTIUS.

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

*First Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd to their gates ; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow !  
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,  
And when it bows stands up ! Thou art left, Marcius :  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter* MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

*First Sol.* Look, sir.

*Lart.* O ! 'tis Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V.—*Within Corioli. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

*First Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

*Second Rom.* And I this.

*Third Rom.* A murrain on 't ! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours  
At a crack'd drachma ! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—down with them !—  
And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him !—  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans : then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*Lart.*                                Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

*Mar.*                                Sir, praise me not :  
My work hath yet not warm'd me : fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me : to Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.*                                Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page !

*Mar.*                                Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest !—So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcus !—

*[Exit MARCIUS.]*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind : away !

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of COMINIUS.**Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we are come off  
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard  
The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods  
Lead their successes as we wish our own,  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,  
May give you thankful sacrifice !—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news ?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since ?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :  
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late ?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volsces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd ? O gods !  
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* [*Within.*] Come I too late ?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Come I too late ?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O ! let me clip you  
In arms as sound as when I woo'd ; in heart  
As merry as when our nuptial-day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is 't with Titus Lartius ?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees :  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other ;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?  
Where is he ? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth : but for our gentlemen,  
The common file (a plague !—tribunes for them !),  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you ?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think :  
Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?  
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

*Com.* Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire, to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle ? know you on which side  
They have plac'd their men of trust ?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,

Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,  
Of their best trust ; o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates :  
And that you not delay the present ; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing.—If any such be here  
(As it were sin to doubt), that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report ;  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself ;  
Let him alone, or so many so minded,  
Wave thus [*Waving his hand*], to express his disposition,  
And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords ; take him  
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volscies ? None of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all : the rest  
Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;

And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows :  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports be guarded ; keep your duties,  
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch  
Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve  
For a short holding : if we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

*Alarum.* Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee  
Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike :  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor.

More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after !

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcus,  
Holla me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
And made what work I pleas'd ; 'tis not my blood  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*  
Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans ; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
I' the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,  
And, gladly quak'd, hear more ; where the dull tribunes,  
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts—' We thank the gods,  
Our Rome hath such a soldier !'—  
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison :  
Hadst thou beheld—

*Mar.* Pray now, no more : my mother,



Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done,  
As you have done—that's what I can; induc'd  
As you have been—that's for my country :  
He that has but effected his good-will  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you  
(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done), before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all  
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, 'Marcius! Marcius!'*  
*cast up their caps and lances: COMINIUS and*  
*LARTIUS stand bare.*]

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing !  
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
Let him be made a coverture for the wars !<sup>9</sup>  
No more, I say ! For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,  
Which without note here 's many else have done,  
You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical :  
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you ;  
More cruel to your good report than grateful  
To us that give you truly : by your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,  
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—  
Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

*Cor.* I will go wash ;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no : howbeit, I thank you :—  
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition  
To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent :  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it : 'tis yours.—What is 't ?

*Cor.* I sometime lay here in Corioli  
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly ;  
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name ?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot !—

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
Have we no wine here ?

*Com.* Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time  
It should be look'd to : come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en !

*First Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

*Auf.* Condition !—

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,  
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition !  
What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;  
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He's mine, or I am his : mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't it had : for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force  
(True sword to sword), I'll potch at him some way,  
Or wrath or craft may get him.

*First Sol.*

He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd  
With only suffering stain by him ; for him  
Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Imbarments all of fury,<sup>10</sup> shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,  
Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city ;  
Learn how 'tis held ; and what they are that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

*First Sol.*

Will not you go ?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress-grove  
I pray you ('tis south the city mills), bring me word thither  
How the world goes ; that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

*First Sol.*

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

*Bru.* Good or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both Trib.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

*Both Trib.* Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now—will you not be angry?

*Both Trib.* Well, well, sir, well!

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools), as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint—hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion;<sup>1</sup> one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses), if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities<sup>2</sup> glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a

R

good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller ; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chanced to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers ; set up the bloody flag against all patience ; and dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion ; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships ; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians : I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast ?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius ; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee !—Hoo ! Marcius coming home !

*Vol., Vir.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him ; the state hath another, his wife another ; and I think there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night :—a letter for me ?

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw 't.

*Men.* A letter for me ! It gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric<sup>3</sup> and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* O, no, no, no.

*Vol.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much :—brings a victory in his pocket ?—the wounds become him.

*Vol.* On his brows : Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly ?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that : an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this ?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes : the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Val.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous ! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true !

*Vol.* True ? pow, wow !

*Men.* True ? I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded ?—God save your good worships ! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded ?



*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm : there will be large cicatrices to shew the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One in the neck, and two in the thigh—there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark ! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears :

Death, that dark spirit, in his nervy arm doth lie ;  
Which, being advanc'd, declines ; and then men die. .

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland ; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight  
Within Corioli gates : where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ;  
These in honour follows, Coriolanus :—  
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus !

[*Flourish.*]

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus !

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart ;  
Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother !

*Cor.* O ! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up !  
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius,  
And by deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
What is it ? Coriolanus must I call thee ?  
But, O thy wife !

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail !

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,  
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now the gods crown thee!

*Cor.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[To VALERIA.]

*Vol.* I know not where to turn :—O welcome home ;  
And welcome, general :—and you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,  
And I could laugh ; I am light and heavy : welcome :  
A curse begin at very root of his heart  
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three  
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will  
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :  
We call a nettle but a nettle,  
And the faults of fools but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on !

*Cor.* Your hand, and yours :

[To his wife and mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited ;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
But with them change of honours.

*Vol.* I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy :  
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,  
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*]

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
While she chats o' him; the kitchen malkin pins  
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,<sup>4</sup>  
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,  
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions; all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him: seld-shewn flamens<sup>6</sup>  
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their nicely-gawd'd cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,  
As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
Were sily crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin and end; but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand,  
But they, upon their ancient malice, will forget,  
With the least cause, these his new honours;  
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question  
As he is proud to do it.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put

The napless vesture of humility ;  
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people in what hatred  
He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,  
And dispropertied their freedoms : holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war ; who have their provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall touch the people—(which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon 't, and that's as easy  
As to set dogs on sheep), will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol.  
'Tis thought that Marcius shall be consul :

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,  
And the blind to hear him speak : matrons flung gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts :  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol ;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

*First Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships ?

*Second Off.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

*First Off.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

*Second Off.* Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

*First Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

*Second Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

*First Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volsces,  
And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service, that hath  
Thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,  
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom  
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember  
With honours like himself.

*First Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,  
Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,  
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body,  
To yield what passes here.

*Sic.*

We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts  
Inclinable to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off ;  
I would you rather had been silent. Please you  
To hear Cominius speak ?

*Bru.* Most willingly :  
But yet my caution was more pertinent  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people ;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.*—Nay, keep your place.

*First Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honour's pardon ;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope  
My words dis-bench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir : yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words :  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : but, your people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head if the sun,  
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[*Exit.*]

*Men.* Masters of the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter  
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear it ?—Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held  
That valour is the chiefest virtue,  
And most dignifies the haver : if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid  
An o'erpress'd Roman, and i' the consul's view  
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,  
When he might act the woman in the scene,  
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed  
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;  
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,  
Before and in Corioli, let me say  
I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the fliers ;  
And by his rare example made the coward  
Turn terror into sport : as weeds before  
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp),  
Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot  
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd  
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted  
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,  
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
Corioli like a planet : now all's his :  
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce



His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit  
Re-quick'en'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
And to the battle came he ; where he did  
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd  
Both field and city ours, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man !

*First Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours  
Which we devise him.

*Com.* Our spoils he kick'd at ;  
And look'd upon things precious as they were.  
The common muck of the world ; he covets less  
Than misery itself would give ; rewards  
His deeds with doing them ; and is content  
To spend the time, to end it.

*Men.* He's right noble ;  
Let him be call'd for.

*First Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
My life and services.

*Men.* It then remains  
That you do speak to the people.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you  
That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't :—  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom ;  
And take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that ?

*Cor.* To brag unto them—thus I did, and thus :—  
Shew them the unaching scars which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only !—

*Men.* Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish.* Then *exeunt* all but *SICINIUS* and *BRUTUS*.]

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent ! He will require them,  
As if he did condemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here ; on the market-place  
I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Market-place.*

*Enter several Citizens.*

*First Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

*Second Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

*Third Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do : for if he shew us his

wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous : and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

*First Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve : for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

*Third Cit.* We have been called so of many ; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured : and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south ; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o' the compass.

*Second Cit.* Think you so ? Which way do you judge my wit would fly ?

*Third Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head ; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

*Second Cit.* Why that way ?

*Third Cit.* To lose itself in a fog ; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

*Second Cit.* You are never without your tricks :—you may, you may.

*Third Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices ? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility ; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars : wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

*Men.* O sir, you are not right : have you not known  
The worthiest men have done 't ?

*Cor.* What must I say ?—  
'I pray, sir'—Plague upon 't ! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace :—' Look, sir ;—my wounds ;—  
I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.'

*Men.* O me, the gods !  
You must not speak of that : you must desire them  
To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me ? Hang 'em !  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.

*Men.* You'll mar all ;  
I'll leave you : pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner.

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean. [*Exit MENENIUS.*] So, here comes  
a brace.

*Enter two Citizens.*

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

*First Cit.* We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought you to't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*Second Cit.* Your own desert !

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.

*First Cit.* How ! not your own desire !

*Cor.* No, sir : 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor  
with begging.

*First Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything, we hope  
to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship ?

*First Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

*Second Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir.—There's in all two worthy voices begged.—I have your alms; adieu.

*First Cit.* But this is something odd.

*Second Cit.* An'twere to give again—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*]

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

*Third Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

*Third Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

*Fourth Cit.* We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

*Third Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.  
Why in this wolfish toge<sup>6</sup> should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—  
What custom wills, in all things should we do't?  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high office and the honour go  
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.  
Here come more voices.—

*Enter three other Citizens.*

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
Of wounds too dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen and heard of; for your voices  
Have done many things, some less, some more; your voices:  
Indeed, I would be consul.

*Fifth Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any  
honest man's voice.

*Sixth Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy,  
and make him good friend to the people!

*All.* Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

*[Exeunt Citizens.]*

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes  
Endue you with the people's voice:  
Remains, that, in the official marks invested,  
You anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.*

Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd:

s

The people do admit you ; and are summon'd  
To meet anon upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where ? at the senate-house ?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments ?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself again,  
Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at his heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.  
Will you dismiss the people ?

*Re-enter* Citizens.

*Sic.* How now, my masters ? have you chose this man ?

*First Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

*Second Cit.* Amen, sir : to my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

*Third Cit.* Certainly,  
He flouted us downright.

*First Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech—he did not mock us.

*Second Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says  
He used us scornfully : he should have shew'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*Cit.* No, no ; no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*]

*Third Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could shew in  
private ;  
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
'I would be consul,' says he : 'aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me ;  
Your voices therefore : ' when we granted that,  
Here was—' I thank you for your voices—thank you—  
Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your voices,  
I have no further with you : '—was not this mockery ?

*Sic.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't,  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices ?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd—when he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy ; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving  
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said  
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you for your voices,  
And translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
And tried his inclination ; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive  
He did solicit you in free contempt,  
When he did need your loves ; and do you think



That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies  
No heart among you ? Or had you tongues to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

*Sic.* Have you,  
Ere now, denied the asker ? and, now again,  
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your sued-for tongues ?

*Third Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

*Second Cit.* And will deny him :  
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

*First Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends,  
They have chose a consul that will from them take  
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble ;  
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election : enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed :  
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance,<sup>1</sup>  
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd  
(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him  
More after our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections ; and that, your minds  
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul : lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,  
How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence came  
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;  
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,]<sup>s</sup>  
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,  
Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances : but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had done't  
(Harp on that still), but by our putting on :  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*Cit.* We will so : almost all repent in their election.

[Several speak. *Exeunt* Citizens.]

*Bru.* Let them go on ;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capitol !  
Come ; we'll be there before the stream o' the people ;  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]



*Cor.* You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens.—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

## ACT III

### SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*Cornets.* Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS  
LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

*Lart.* He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd  
Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volsces stand but as at first;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lart.* On safeguard he came to me; and did curse

Against the Volscés, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me ?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How ? what ?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword :  
That of all things upon the earth he hated  
Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he ?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them ;  
For they do prank them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Ha ! what is that ?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on : no further.

*Cor.* What makes this change ?

*Men.* The matter ?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common ?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices ?

*First Sen.* Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd ?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues ?—What are your offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?  
Have you not set them on ?

*Men.*

Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility :  
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.*

Call't not a plot :

The people cry you mock'd them ; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people ; call'd them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.*

Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them sithence ?

*Bru.*

How ! I inform them !

*Cor.* You are like to do such business.

*Bru.*

Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul ? By yon clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.*

You shew too much of that

For which the people stir : if you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.*

Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd—set on.—This paltering  
Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.*

Tell me of corn !

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again ;—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*First Sen.*

Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons :

For the mutable, rank-scented many,

Let them regard me as I do not flatter,

And therein behold themselves : I say again,

In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,<sup>1</sup>

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.*

Well, no more.

*First Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.*

How ! no more !

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

*Bru.*

You speak o' the people

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.*

'Twere well

We let the people know 't.

*Men.*

What, what ? his choler ?

*Cor.* Choler !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 'twould be my mind !

*Sic.*

It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

*Cor.*

Shall remain !—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows ? mark you

His absolute 'shall ?'

*Com.*

'Twas from the canon.

*Cor.*

'Shall!'

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,  
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but  
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit  
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then vail your ignorance: if none, abate  
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
If they be senators: and they are no less,  
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;  
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'  
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.

*Com.*

Well—on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel to give forth  
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used  
Sometime in Greece—

*Men.*

Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute power—  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

*Bru.*

Why, shall the people give

One that speaks thus their voice?

*Cor.*

I'll give my reasons,

More worthier than their voices. They know the corn  
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd

They ne'er did service for't : being press'd to the war,  
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates—this kind of service  
Did not deserve corn gratis : being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them : the accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the native  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?  
How shall this bisson multitude digest  
The senate's courtesy ?<sup>2</sup> Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words :—' We did request it ;  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands.'—Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares fears : which will in time  
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in  
The crows to peck the eagles.

*Men.*

Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.*

No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal !—This double worship—  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom  
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows  
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you—  
You that will be less fearful than discreet ;  
That love the fundamental part of state  
More than you doubt the change on't ; that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To purge a body<sup>3</sup> with a dangerous physic  
That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out



The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison : your dishonour  
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
Of that integrity which should become it ;  
Not having the power to do the good it would,  
For the ill which doth control it.

*Bru.*

He has said enough.

*Sic.* Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee !—  
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench : in a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,  
And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason !

*Sic.*

This a consul ? no.

*Bru.* The Ædiles, ho !—Let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people ; [*Exit BRUTUS*] in whose name, myself  
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the public weal : obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.*

Hence, old goat !

*Sen. and Pat.* We'll surety him.

*Com.*

Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments !

*Sic.*

Help, ye citizens !

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he that would take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, Ædiles !

*Citizens.* Down with him, down with him !

*Second Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons !

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens !—*what*, ho !

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens !

*Cit.* Peace, peace, peace ; stay, hold, peace !

*Men.* What is about to be ?—I am out of breath ;

Confusion's near : I cannot speak.—You, tribunes

To the people—Coriolanus, *patience* :—

Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* • Hear me, people ;—*peace* !

*Citizens.* Let's hear our tribune :—*peace* ! Speak, speak,  
speak !

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties :

Marcus would have all from you ; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*First Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city but the people ?

*Cit.* True,

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

*Cit.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Cor.* That is the way to lay the city flat ;

To bring the roof to the foundation ;

And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold of him ;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* *Ædiles, seize him !*

*Citizens.* Yield, Marcius, yield !

*Men.* Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædi.* Peace, peace !

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No ; I'll die here.

*[Drawing his sword.]*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword !—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help Marcius ; help,  
You that be noble : help him, young and old !

*Cit.* Down with him, down with him !

*[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,  
and the people are beat in.]*

*Men.* Go, get you to your house ; be gone, away ;  
All will be nought else.

*Second Sen.* Get you gone.

*Cor.* Stand fast ;

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that ?

*First Sen.* The gods forbid !

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house ;

Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself : be gone, 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Men.* I would they were barbarians (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd), not Romans (as they are not,  
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol).—Be gone ;  
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;  
One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself take up a brace of the best of them ; yea,  
the two tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic ;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence  
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

*Men.* Pray you, be gone :  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little ; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

*First Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth :  
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.

[*A noise within.*]

Here's goodly work !

*Second Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

*Men.* I would they were in Tyber !—What, the vengeance,  
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city,  
And be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

*First Cit.* He shall well know  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*Citizens.* He shall, sure on't.

*Men.*

Sir, sir—

*Sic.*

Peace!

*Men.* Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt  
With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes't, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak :—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

*Sic.* Consul !—what consul?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.*

He consul!

*Citizens.* No, no, no, no, no!

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,  
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then;  
For we are peremptory, to despatch  
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence

Were but one danger ; and to keep him here  
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

*Sic.* He's a disease that must be cut away.

*Men.* O, he's a limb that has but a disease ;  
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death ?  
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost  
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country :  
And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.<sup>4</sup>

*Bru.* Merely awry : when he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot,  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was—

*Bru.* We'll hear no more :—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so—

*Sic.* What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?  
Our Ædiles smote ! ourselves resisted !—Come :—

*Men.* Consider this :—he has been bred i' the wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In bolted language ; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form  
(In peace), to his utmost peril.

*First Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way : the other course  
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer :—  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there :  
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you :—  
Let me desire your company. He must come,  
[To the Senators.]

Or what is worse will follow.

*First Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CORIOLANUS'S House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*First Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder  
When one but of my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace or war.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

I talk of you :

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so: lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough, something too  
rough:

You must return, and mend it.

*First Sen.* There's no remedy;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsell'd:  
I have a heart as little soft as yours,<sup>6</sup>



But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman !

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that  
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do ?

*Men.*

Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.*

Well,

What then ? what then ?

*Men.*

Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;

Must I then do't to them ?

*Vol.*

You are too absolute ;

Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together. Grant that, and tell me,  
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.*

Tush, tush !

*Men.*

A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war ; since that to both  
It stands in like request ?

*Cor.*

Why force you this ?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people ; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,  
But with such words that are but rooted in  
Your tongue, nought but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes and my friends, at stake, requir'd  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;  
And you will rather shew our general louts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.*

Noble lady !

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.*

I prithee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;  
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them),  
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,  
Which often—thus—correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling: or, say to them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power and person.

*Men.*

This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours :  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

*Vol.*

Prithee now

Go, and be rul'd : although I know thou hadst rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place : and, sir, 'tis fit  
You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence ; all 's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think 'twill serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will :—  
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce ? Must I,  
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do 't :  
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius they to dust should grind it,  
And throw 't against the wind.—To the market-place :—  
You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do 't :  
Away my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves  
Tent in my cheeks ; and schoolboys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight ! a beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,  
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his

That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't :  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.*

At thy choice then :

To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness ; for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;  
But owe thy pride thyself.

*Cor.*

Pray, be content :

Mother, I am going to the market-place ;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home below'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.*

Do your will.

[*Exit.*

*Com.* Away ! the tribunes do attend you : arm yourself  
To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly :—pray you, let us go :  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.*

Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then ; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people ;  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come ?

*Æd.*

He's coming.

*Bru.*

How accompanied ?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.*

Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll ?

*Æd.*

I have ; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes ?

*Æd.*

I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither :  
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so  
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, Fine, cry 'Fine ;' if Death, cry 'Death ;'  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.*

I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Æd.*

Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give 't them.

*Bru.*

Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight : he hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction : being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance : then he speaks  
What's in his heart : and that is there which looks  
With us to break his neck.

*Sic.*

Well, here he comes.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,  
and Patricians.*

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods  
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war !

*First Sen.*

Amen, amen !

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes ; audience : peace, I say !

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.*

Well, say.—Peace, ho !

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present ;  
Must all determine here ?

*Sic.*

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says he is content :  
The warlike service he has done, consider ;  
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars,  
Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier : do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again ?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;  
For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How ! Traitor !

*Men.* Nay, temperately : your promise.

*Cor.* Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people ?

*Cit.* To the rock ; to the rock with him !

*Sic.*

Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :

What you have seen him do, and heard him *speak*,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath serv'd well for Rome—

*Cor.* What ! do you prate of service ?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You ?

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your mother ?

*Com.* Know, I pray you—

*Cor.* I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, Good-morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envied against the people,<sup>6</sup> seeking means  
To pluck away their power ; as now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it : in the name o' the people,  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city ;  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates ; in the people's name,  
I say it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends ;—



*Sic.* He's sentenc'd ; no more hearing.

*Com.*

Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can shew, from Rome,  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate ; then if I would  
Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift :—speak what ?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people and his country :  
It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;  
And here remain with your uncertainty !  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders ; till, at length,  
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels),  
Making but reservation of yourselves  
(Still your own foes), deliver you,  
As most abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows ! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.]

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

*Cit.* Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

[*The people shout, and throw up  
their caps.*]

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*Off.* Come, come, let's see him out at gates ; come :—  
The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,  
and several young Patricians.

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :—the beast  
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage ? you were used  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;  
That common chances common men could bear ;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Shew'd mastership in floating : fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
A noble cunning : you were used to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens ! O heavens !

*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish !

*Cor.* What, what, what !

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not ; adieu.—Farewell, my wife—my mother !  
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well  
My hazards still have been your solace : and  
Believe't not lightly (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen), your son  
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits<sup>1</sup> and practice.

*Vol.*

My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while : determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.*

O the gods !

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,  
And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.*

Fare ye well :—

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.—  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.*

That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot!

*Cor.* Give me thy hand.  
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—  
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shewn our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a-doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home :  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us :  
Keep on your way.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

*Vol.* O, ye're well met : the hoarded plague o' the gods  
Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace! be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,  
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To BRUTUS.*]

*Vir.* You shall stay too [*To SICINIUS*]: I would I had the  
power  
To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—  
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;  
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—yet go:—  
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vir.* What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, peace!

*Sic.* I would he had continued to his country  
As he began; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:  
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this;  
As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—  
I would the gods had nothing else to do,  
But to confirm my curses! [*Exeunt Tribunes.*] Could I meet  
them

But once a day, it would unclod my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vols.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: know you me yet?

*Vols.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vols.* You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well approved by your tongue.<sup>2</sup> What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vols.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vols.* Coriolanus banished !

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Vols.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Vols.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you : you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

*Vols.* A most royal one : the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vols.* You take my part from me, sir ; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium.—City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows : many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan and drop : then know me not ;



Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,  
In puny battle slay me.—

*Enter a Citizen.*

Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies : is he in Antium ?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you ?

*Cit.* This, here, before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir ; farewell.

*[Exit Citizen.]*

O, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose house, whose bed,<sup>3</sup> whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who, twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity : so, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep  
To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
And interjoin their issues. So with me :—  
My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,  
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Music within. Enter a Servant.*

*First Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !  
I think our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.]*

*Enter a second Servant.*

*Second Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.  
Cotus!

*[Exit.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

*First Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you?  
Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

*[Exit.*

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.<sup>4</sup>

*Re-enter second Servant.*

*Second Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes  
in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray,  
get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*Second Serv.* Away! Get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou art troublesome.

*Second Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with  
anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

*Third Serv.* What fellow's this?

*First Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get  
him out o' the house: prithee call my master to him.

*Third Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you,  
avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

*Third Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*Third Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*Third Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station ; here's no place for you ; pray you, avoid : come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go ! and batten on cold bits.

[*Pushes him away.*]

*Third Serv.* What, will you not ? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*Second Serv.* And I shall.

[*Exit.*]

*Third Serv.* Where dwellest thou ?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*Third Serv.* Under the canopy !

*Cor.* Ay.

*Third Serv.* Where's that ?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

*Third Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows ?—What an ass it is !

Then thou dwellest with daws too ?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

*Third Serv.* How, sir ! do you meddle with my master ?

*Cor.* Ay ; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou prat'st, and prat'st ; serve with thy trencher, hence !

[*Beats him away.*]

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow ?

*Second Serv.* Here, sir ; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou ? what wouldst thou ? Thy name ? Why speak'st not ? Speak, man : what's thy name ?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling*] not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name ?

[*Servants retire.*]

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscian's ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?  
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not:—thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname; a good memory,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;  
The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak in thee,<sup>5</sup> that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,  
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee; for I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :  
Which not to cut would shew thee but a fool ;  
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius !  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,  
And say, 'Tis true, I'd not believe them more  
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword ; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
I lov'd the maid I married ; never man  
Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,  
We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for't : thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me :  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,  
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that

Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come, go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands ;  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.*

You bless me, gods !

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission ; and set down—  
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways ;  
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :  
Let me commend thee first to those that shall  
Say, yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand : most welcome !

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

*First Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration !

*Second Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him  
with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a  
false report of him.

*First Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turned me about with  
his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

*Second Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something  
in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell  
how to term it.

*First Serv.* He had so ; looking as it were—Would I were  
hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could  
think.

*Second Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : he is simply the rarest  
man i' the world.

*First Serv.* I think he is : but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

*Second Serv.* Who, my master ?

*First Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

*Second Serv.* Worth six of him.

*First Serv.* Nay, not so neither ; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

*Second Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

*First Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

*Third Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news—news, you rascals !

*First and Second Serv.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

*Third Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

*First and Second Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

*Third Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general—Caius Marcius.

*First Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general ?

*Third Serv.* I do not say thwack our general ; but he was always good enough for him.

*Second Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends : he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him say so himself.

*First Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't : before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

*Second Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

*First Serv.* But more of thy news ?

*Third Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars : set at upper end o' the table : no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him : our general himself makes a mistress of him ; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'

the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday ; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sow the porter<sup>6</sup> of Rome gates by the ears : he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

*Second Serv.* And he's 'as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

*Third Serv.* Do't ! he will do't ; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies : which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, shew themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

*First Serv.* Directitude ! what's that ?

*Third Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

*First Serv.* But when goes this forward ?

*Third Serv.* To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

*Second Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

*First Serv.* Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible.

*Second Serv.* 'Tis so.

*First Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

*Third Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money ! I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in !

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE VI.—*Rome. A public Place.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ;  
His remedies are tame i' the present peace  
And quietness o' the people, which before  
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
Blush that the world goes well ; who rather had,  
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, beheld  
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
About their functions friendly.

*Bru.* We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius ?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he : O, he is grown most kind  
Of late.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

Hail, sir !

*Men.* Hail to you both !

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd  
But with his friends : the commonwealth doth stand ;  
And so would do were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well ; and might have been much better, if  
He could have temporised.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you ?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing ; his mother and his wife  
Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Citizens.* The gods preserve you both !

*Sic.* Good-e'en, our neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

*First Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,  
Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive !

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours : we wish'd Coriolanus  
Had lov'd you as we did.

*Citizens.*

Now the gods keep you !

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, ' Confusion ! '

*Bru.*

Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving—

*Sic.*

And affecting one sole throne,

Without assistance.

*Men.*

I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*Æd.*

Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

*Men.*

'Tis Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,  
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Marcius ?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be  
The Volsces dare break with us.

*Men.*

Cannot be !

We have record that very well it can :  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this :  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me :  
I know this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are going  
All to the senate-house : some news is come  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave ;—  
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising ;  
Nothing but his report !

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful ?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths  
(How probable I do not know), that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;  
And vows revenge as spacious as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely !

*Bru.* Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely :  
He and Aufidius can no more atone,  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate ;  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already,  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work !

*Men.* What news ? what news ?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters, and  
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;  
To see your wives dishonour'd ;—

*Men.* What's the news ?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement ; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an anger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news ?—

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news ?  
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians—

*Com.* If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better : and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,

You, and your apron-men ; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlic-eaters !

*Com.* He will shake

Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit.—You've made fair work!

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay, and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?  
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd him even  
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein shew'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.'—You have made fair hands,  
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but like beasts,  
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.* But, I fear,  
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer.—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.*

Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting  
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head  
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Citizens.* Faith, we hear fearful news.

*First Cit.*

For mine own part,

When I said, banish him, I said 'twas pity.

*Second Cit.* And so did I.

*Third Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very  
many of us: that we did we did for the best; and though we  
willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our  
will.

*Com.* Ye're goodly things, you voices!

*Men.*

You have made

Good work, you and your cry!—Shall's to the Capitol?

*Com.* O, ay; what else?

*[Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.]*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.

These are a side that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And shew no sign of fear.

*First Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home.

I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

*Second Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

*[Exeunt Citizens.]*

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol :—would half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lie !

*Sic.*

Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp ; at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman ?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him ; but  
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now ;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him : yet his nature  
In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir  
(I mean, for your particular), you had not  
Join'd in commission with him : but either had borne  
The action of yourself, or else to him  
Had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state ;  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone  
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down ;  
And the nobility of Rome are his :  
The senators and patricians love him too :  
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature.<sup>1</sup> First he was  
A noble servant to them ; but he could not  
Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,  
To fail in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace  
Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war ; but one of these  
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,  
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time :  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.  
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;  
Rights by rights founder, strength by strength does fail.  
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poorest of all ; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]





*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*

—*Act V. Sc. 3.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.*

*Men.* No, I'll not go : you hear what he hath said  
Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father :  
But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him ;  
A mile before his tent fall down and knee  
The way into his mercy : nay, if he coy'd  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.*

Do you hear ?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name :  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;

He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so—you have made good work !  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,  
To make coals cheap—a noble memory !

*Com.* I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected : he replied,  
It was a bare petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well ;  
Could he say less ?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends : his answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome musty chaff : he said, 'twas folly  
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two !  
I am one of those : his mother, wife, his child,  
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :  
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt  
Above the moon : we must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray be patient : if you refuse your aid  
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No ; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do ?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well, and say that Marcius return me,  
As Cominius is return'd, unheard ; what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness ? Say 't be so ?

*Sic.*

Yet your good-will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure  
As you intended well.

*Men.*

I'll undertake it :

I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well : he had not din'd :  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.*

Good faith, I'll prove him,

Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success. [*Exit.*

*Com.*

He'll never hear him.

*Sic.*

Not ?

*Com.* I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;  
'Twas very faintly he said, 'Rise ;' dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand : what he would do,  
He sent in writing after me—what he would not,  
Bound with an oath to yield no new conditions :<sup>1</sup>  
So that all hope is vain,  
Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp before Rome.  
The Guard at their stations.*

*Enter to them MENENIUS.*

*First G.* Stay : whence are you ?

*Second G.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men ; 'tis well : but by your leave,  
I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

*First G.* From whence ?

*Men.* From Rome.

*First G.* You may not pass, you must return : our general  
Will no more hear from thence.

*Second G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before  
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks  
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

*First G.* Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name  
Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover : I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;  
For I have ever certified my friends  
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,  
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise  
Have almost stamp'd the leasing : therefore, fellow,  
I must have leave to pass.

*First G.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf,  
as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass

here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

*Second G.* Howsoever you have been his liar (as you say you have), I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

*First G.* You are a Roman, are you ?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

*First G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant<sup>2</sup> as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived : therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemned ; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

*Second G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

*First G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say ; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood ;—back—that's the utmost of your having ;—back.

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow—

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter ?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you ; you shall know now that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess,

but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs  
Are servanted to others: though I owe  
My revenge properly, my remission lies  
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather  
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than  
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,  
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a letter.*]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,  
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

*First G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

*Second G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

*First G.* Do you hear how we are shent<sup>s</sup> for keeping your greatness back?

*Second G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world nor your general : for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long ; and your misery increase with your age ! I say to you, as I was said to, Away !

[*Exit.*

*First G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

*Second G.* The worthy fellow is our general : he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The tent of CORIOLANUS.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends You have respected ; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome ; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Lov'd me above the measure of a father ;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him ; for whose old love I have  
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd  
The first conditions which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more ; a very little  
I have yielded too : fresh embassies and suits,  
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter

Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.—

*Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA,  
and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection !  
All bond and privilege of nature, break !  
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—  
What is that curt'sy worth ? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn ?—I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;  
As if Olympus to a molehill should  
In supplication nod : and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, 'Deny not.'—Let the Volsces  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy : I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband !

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd  
Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,  
For that, 'Forgive our Romans.'—O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !  
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven,<sup>4</sup> that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip



Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' the earth ;

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression shew  
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd !

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee ; and improperly  
Shew duty, as mistaken all this while  
Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*

*Cor.* What is this ?

Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;  
Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior ;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,  
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple :—dear Valeria !

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May shew like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou mayst prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee !

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace :  
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before—  
The things I have forsworn to grant may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics :—tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O, no more, no more !  
You have said you will not grant us anything ;  
For we have nothing else to ask but that  
Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;  
That, if you fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volscres, mark ; for we 'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment  
And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,  
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;  
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,  
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound—together with thy victory,  
Whereto we are bound ? alack ! or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,

Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,  
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune till  
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country than to tread  
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* Ay, and mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

*Boy.* 'A shall not tread on me ;  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit  
Is that you reconcile them : while the Volscies  
May say, ' This mercy we have shew'd ; ' the Romans,  
' This we receiv'd ; ' and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, ' Be bless'd  
For making up this peace ! ' Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,  
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;  
Whose chronicle thus writ—'The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;  
Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son :  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods ;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :  
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy :  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons.—There's no man in the world  
More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate,  
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;  
When she—poor hen !—fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back : but, if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which  
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
Down, ladies ! let us shame him with our knees.  
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride  
Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;  
This is the last :—so we will home to Rome,  
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition with more strength  
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go :  
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;

His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch :  
I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor.* [*Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.*] O mother, mother !  
What have you done ? Behold the heavens do ope,  
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !  
You have won a happy victory to Rome ;  
But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come ;—  
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn you were :  
And, sir, it is no little thing to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part,  
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

*Auf.* I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour  
At difference in thee : out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune.

[*Aside.* *The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* Ay, by and by ;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together ; and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you : all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A public Place.**Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.**Men.* See you yon coign o' the Capitol ; yon corner-stone ?*Sic.* Why, what of that ?*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't ; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.*Sic.* Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?*Men.* There is differency between a grub and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly.*Men.* So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is 'long of you.*Sic.* The gods be good unto us !*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him we respected not them : and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.*Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house ;  
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,

W

And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news ?

*Mess.* Good news, good news :—the ladies have prevail'd,  
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone :  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art thou certain this is true ? is it most certain ?

*Mess.* As certain as I know the sun is fire :  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you !

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you !

*[Shouting again.]*

*Men.* This is good news :  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full ; of tribunes such as you  
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day ;  
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

*[Shouting and music.]*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for their tidings : next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city ?

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy.  
[*Going.*

*Enter* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c., accompanied by  
Senators, Patricians, and Citizens.

*First Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome !  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :  
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;  
Cry—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

*All.* Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Antium. A public Place.*

*Enter* TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

*Auf.* Go tell the lords o' the city I am here :  
Deliver them this paper : having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,  
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse  
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words : despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS's faction.*

Most welcome !

*First Con.* How is it with our general ?

*Auf.* Even so  
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

*Second Con.* Most noble sir,



If you do hold the same intent whercin  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell ;  
We must proceed as we do find the people.

*Third Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it ;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth ; who being so heighen'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

*Third Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of :  
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth ;  
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;  
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way  
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,  
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
I had been mercenary.<sup>5</sup>

*First Con.* So he did, my lord :  
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil than glory—

*Auf.* There was it ;—  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action : therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]*

*First Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns  
Splitting the air with noise.

*Second Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear  
With giving him glory.

*Third Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more ;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it ;  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you ?

*Lords.* We have.

*First Lord.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines : but there to end  
Where he was to begin, and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge ; making a treaty where  
There was a yielding—this admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches ; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours ; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;  
No more infected with my country's love  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home  
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans : and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords ;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree,  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor !—How now ?—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius !

*Cor.*

Marcius !

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius : dost thou think  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli ?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt,<sup>6</sup> your city Rome  
(I say your city) to his wife and mother :  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting  
Counsel o' the war ; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory ;  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars ?

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears—

*Cor.* Ha !

*Auf.* No more.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O slave !—  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, that must bear  
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust  
The lie unto him.

*First Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volscies ; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :  
Alone I did it.—Boy !

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

*Conspirators.* Let him die for 't.

*Citizens.* Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my  
son ;—my daughter ;—he killed my cousin Marcus ;—he killed  
my father.—

*Second Lord.* Peace, ho !—no outrage ;—peace !  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us  
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O, that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword !

*Auf.* Insolent villain !

*Conspirators.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.*

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold !

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*First Lord.* O Tullus—

*Second Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

*Third Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet ;

Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage, Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

*First Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

*Second Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully :  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

*Assist.*

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS. A dead march sounded.*

## NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

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### ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> *Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes* ; a quibbling speech, alluding to the old proverb, 'As lean as a rake.'

<sup>2</sup> *To stale't a little more* ; to render it still more common or stale by giving it another repetition. The folio has *scale't*, which Warburton contended was the right reading, signifying to weigh, examine, and apply it. But Theobald's substitution of 'stale't' is, no doubt, the correct text. The story which Menenius repeated—the old apologue of the rebellion of the members against the belly—Shakespeare seems, as Malone says, to have copied from Camden : 'All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulf of all their labours : for whereas the eyes beheld, the ears heard, the hands laboured, the feet travelled, the tongue spake, and all parts performed their functions ; only the stomach lay idle and consumed all. Hereupon they jointly agreed all to forbear their labours, and to pine away their lazy and public enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all, that they called a common-council. The eyes waxed dim, the feet could not support the body, the arms waxed lazy, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the advice of the heart,' &c. The account in North's Plutarch is less minute. Douce states that the first person who has introduced Menenius as reciting this fable, is Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who was followed by Livy, Plutarch, Florus, &c. Camden took it from John of Salisbury, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., and professes to have received it from Pope Hadrian IV.

<sup>3</sup> *One side must have bale* ; must suffer injury or calamity.

<sup>4</sup> *Pick my lance*—pitch my lance.

<sup>5</sup> *Demerits*—deserts. See *Othello*, Act I. sc. 2.

<sup>6</sup> *His brows bound with oak*. 'A Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Marcius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy with his own hands that had before overthrown the Roman.'

Hereupon, after the battle was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Marcius with a garland of oaken boughs; for whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland.'—NORTH'S Plutarch.

<sup>7</sup> *How he mammoocked it*!—how he pulled it to pieces! 'That he were chopp'd in mammoocks, I could eat him.'—*The Devil's Charter*, 1609.

<sup>8</sup> *To the pot*—to destruction. 'One of the soldiers exclaims, "See, they have shut him in;" the rest say, "To the pot, I warrant him," where the meaning is evidently that it is all over with Marcius, or in the popular language, "He is gone to pot."'—SINGER. The phrase was common in Shakespeare's time as it still is, though certainly not of a Roman complexion.

<sup>9</sup> *A coverture for the wars*. This is the reading of Tyrwhit. The folio has *overture*.

<sup>10</sup> *Imbarments all of fury*. In the folio, *embarquements*, supposed to signify embargoes or impediments. But we have no other instance of the use of the word; and *imbarment*, the reading of Mr Swynfen Jervis, seems more likely to be the poet's expression. He has *imbar* in *Henry V.*, Act I. sc. 2.

#### ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> *One that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't*; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint—*hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion*. Mr Collier's Corrector reads '*thirst complaint*.' But the folio, as Mr Dyce remarks, has a colon after 'Tyber in't,' while 'the first complaint' is disjoined only by a comma from '*hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion*.' The phrase, '*imperfect in favouring the first complaint*,' seems to us to mean that he was rash in acting upon first impressions or reports; and he adds as a corollary or explanation, '*hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion*.'

<sup>2</sup> *Bisson conspectuities*; '*bisson*' is blind. Sax. *bisen*.

<sup>3</sup> *Empiricutic*; this word is still more formidable in the folio, *emper-ickcutique*. Pope altered it to *emeric*.

<sup>4</sup> *Into a rapture lets her baby cry,*  
*While she chats o' him; the kitchen malkin pins*  
*Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.*

A '*rapture*' was the old term for a fit. In the second line the folio has '*While she chats him*.' Shakespeare uses the word '*chat*' more than a dozen of times, but never as it is in this passage, and we have ventured to add *o'*, for *of* him. The '*kitchen malkin*' is just the same (says Ritson) as the kitchen Madge or Bess, the scullion. '*Lockram*' was

the name for a certain kind of linen, and 'reechy' signifies greasy and scraggy.

<sup>5</sup> *Seld-shewn flamens*—seldom-shewn priests. 'Seld' was a not uncommon contraction for seldom.

<sup>6</sup> *Why in this wolfish toge*; in the folio, *tongue*. The editor of the second folio substituted 'wolfish gown.'

<sup>7</sup> *His present portance*; his port or carriage.

<sup>8</sup> *And Censorinus, darling of the people*. This line was added by Pope, from North's Plutarch. Its omission must have been accidental as the context shews.

## ACT III.

<sup>1</sup> *We nourish 'gainst our senate*

*The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,*

*Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd.*

So in North's Plutarch: 'He said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and cockle of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered,' &c. 'Cockle' is a weed that grows among corn—the corn-rose or darnel. Dryden has the word in his *Absalom and Achitophel*, 'Cockle that oppress'd the noble seed.'

<sup>2</sup> *How shall this bisson multitude digest*  
*The senate's courtesies?*

This is the reading of Mr Collier's Old Corrector. The folio has *bosom-multiplied*.

<sup>3</sup> *To purge a body*. This is the reading of Mr Staunton. The folio has 'to jump a body.' Pope proposed *vamp*.

<sup>4</sup> *This is clean kam*—sheer nonsense or fustian.

<sup>5</sup> *I have a heart as little soft as yours*. The reading of Mr Singer. The folio has 'as little apt.' Mr Collier's annotator proposes to add a whole line:

I have a heart as little apt as yours  
*To brook reproof without the use of anger.*

<sup>6</sup> *Envied against the people*; behaved with signs of hatred against the people.—STEEVENS. Envy was often used for hatred. Mr Staunton thinks the poet may have written *inveigh'd*; but 'envied,' in the sense of hatred, is more comprehensive, as including *acts* as well as *speeches* against the people.

## ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> *Cautelous baits*—insidious baits.

<sup>2</sup> *Your favour is well approved by your tongue*. In the folio, 'well appeared.'



<sup>2</sup> *Whose house, whose bed, &c.* The reading of the Old Corrector. In the folio, 'Whose hours,' &c. :

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who, twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity.

This exquisite passage has been imitated by a modern poet :

'Alas! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity!  
A something light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken,  
Oh! love that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.'

—MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*.

<sup>4</sup> *In being Coriolanus*; in having derived that name from the sack of Corioli.

<sup>5</sup> *A heart of wreak in thee*; a heart of resentment or revenge.

<sup>6</sup> *He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter.* To 'sowl out' is said to be a provincial expression for pulling out. 'Venus will sowle me by the cars for this.'—HEYWOOD'S *Love's Mistress*, 1636.

<sup>7</sup> *By sovereignty of nature.* The osprey was believed to have the power of fascinating fish.

#### ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> *What he would do,*

*He sent in writing after me—what he would not,  
Bound with an oath to yield no new conditions.*

The folio has 'to yield to his conditions.' We have adopted a reading suggested by Johnson, but it is probable, as the critic surmised, that something has been omitted in the text. Mr Swynfen Jervis would transpose the passage thus :

'What he would do,  
What he would not, he sent in writing after me.'

<sup>2</sup> *A decayed dotant*; the meaning here is obvious, but as Shakespeare nowhere else has 'dotant,' while he employs *dotard* on at least four occasions, the word in the text is probably a misprint.

<sup>3</sup> *Shent*—rebuked, shamed.

<sup>4</sup> *Now by the jealous queen of heaven*. By Juno, 'the guardian of marriage,' says Johnson, 'and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.'

<sup>5</sup> *He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
I had been mercenary.*

This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks.—JOHNSON. Perhaps we should, as Mr Staunton conjectures, understand 'countenance' as meaning entertainment.

<sup>6</sup> *Certain drops of salt*. It is scarcely necessary to say that *tears* are here meant—the tears of Volumnia which subdued her son.

FINIS.

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